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Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικήν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἐκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων τούτων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν το ἘΚΔΕΪΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι. — CLEM. ALEX. Strom. L. I.

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR JULY, 1846.

Art. I. *Passages in the Life of a Radical*, By Samuel Bamford.
2 vols. Fourth Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

SAMUEL Bamford's evident and proper wish to make his literary labours profitable, would have been much more amply gratified had he learned, or been willing, to make suitable arrangements with the booksellers. His book was first introduced to us by the Quarterly Review; and we immediately determined to bring it without delay before the notice of our readers. But no copy could we anywhere procure; nor could we learn where one ought to be obtained. Other books demanded notice; and had not our good will towards Mr. Bamford, and, still more, our regard for his 'order', been too lively to require a remembrancer, we should most likely have dismissed the matter from our mind. But the extracts we had seen in the Quarterly Review had stirred up many thoughts within us, and we wanted to express them. After a few months' interval, therefore, we tried the London 'Trade' again, but with as little success as formerly. We sent to Lancashire, but the Manchester booksellers were as helpless as their London brethren. At last, through a friend, who happened to hear of our distress, a stationer in an isolated Lancashire village undertook to obtain a copy; but, after all, he got it via London, and through whom we know not. Mr. Bamford's book is worthy to be sold by thousands; and long before this time it might, with proper

management, have secured him an independent maintenance for life.

Had we written this article when it was first planned, we should have made it twice as long as at present. But as most of our readers, we apprehend, are by this time acquainted with the book, we shall say but little of its literary merits, and shall refrain from quoting to any great extent. In the hope, however, of yet assisting somewhat in the sale, we shall give as brief a sketch as possible of the numerous and various contents, and shall extract a page or two from a crowd of very striking and instructive passages. Dismissing then our author and his work with a few valedictory remarks, our remaining space will be devoted to some thoughts that glow within us, respecting the condition and the requirements of the artisans of Lancashire.

Mr. Bamford commences his book thus :—

‘This work will be found to contain narratives of, and observations on, some of the most remarkable events which took place in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, and other parts of England, during the years 1816 to 1821, inclusive. It will record the proceedings of the parliamentary reformers and their opponents; and will present personal and biographical notices of active and distinguished individuals in the ranks of reform, and elsewhere. The writer was a partaker in most of the scenes he will describe. They are vividly impressed on his memory; some of them are also interwoven with the feelings of his heart.’—p. 3.

He adds, pp. 5, 6,—

‘The writer does not pretend to make his work a strict record, but a narrative only of events in most of which he was personally concerned. His course he conceives to be obvious, and untrammelled by the particularities of strict chronology. . . . Some fervid and superior mind will in time arise, to give the history of a great nation careering through a long war; her princes, nobles, priests, and all the wealthy of her land, dazzled by glory, and intoxicated with triumph. Suddenly their pleasures are shaken by a portentous sound. It is her artisans and labourers, who, struggling through adversity, and directed by an extraordinary genius, are pealing the shouts of ‘Liberty, liberty!’ At such a period the author proceeds.’

And he first sketches the disturbed condition of the country through the years 1815 and 1816; mentions the influence of Cobbett’s writings; and records the rise of ‘Hampden Clubs,’ of one of which in Middleton, near Manchester, he became secretary, ‘having been instrumental in its formation, being a tolerable reader also, and rather an expert writer.’ We present the following epitome of what succeeded, at least as recorded

by our author. Delegates from the surrounding districts, from the Hampden Clubs, we suppose, met frequently at Middleton. 'The leading reformers of Lancashire were generally seen together' at these meetings; among the names of which leaders, seventeen in number, we find 'William Ogden, of Manchester, letter-press printer, afterwards immortalized by Canning, as 'the revered and ruptured Ogden, and Samuel Bamford, of Middleton, silk weaver.' Missionaries were now sent 'to other towns and villages, particularly to Yorkshire;' and resolutions were passed declaratory of the objects and demands of the reformers. A general meeting of delegates from Hampden clubs was then convened, under the auspices of Sir Francis Burdett, at the Crown and Anchor; and Bamford was chosen to represent the club in Middleton. He attended accordingly, not noticing 'the abuse which this small honour brought upon his shoulders.' In London, he saw Hunt, O'Leary, the secretary of the London Club, 'the worthy old Major Cartwright,' who, sir Francis being in the country, took the chair at the meeting; Cobbett, Lord Cochrane, and, at last, Sir Francis Burdett; and of each of these we are presented with a remarkably truthful and vivid description. One or two London adventures are recorded; and scenes at Trades' clubs, and in the House of Commons, graphically sketched. Soon after witnessing one of the latter, Mr. Bamford 'left the great Babylon, heartily tired of it, and returned to Middleton, where events rapidly pressed on his attention.' The Habeas Corpus Act was now suspended; the infatuated Blanket expedition was essayed; other schemes were broached, more mischievous, if less absurd; 'unity of action' among the reformers was relaxed; spies mingled with them; traitors appeared among themselves; and at last poor Bamford, with his most amusing friend, the famous 'Doctor' Healy, found it expedient to imitate the conduct of other 'leading reformers,' and 'to quit their homes, and seek concealment where they could obtain it.' The account of their adventures now succeeds, not omitting a description of their personal appearance; and rarely have we met, in equal compass, with a richer compound of drollery and pathos, of pleasant sense and decent nonsense, of spice for broad grins, and of food for mournful musing, than what is furnished by these forty pages. Soon after his return home, however, though with admirable prudence he had escaped the snares prepared for him by spies in the pay of the government, and with equally admirable sagacity and firmness had exposed and resisted the treasonable wishes of weak brethren, he was, after all, arrested on suspicion of high treason, and conveyed to the New Bailey in Manchester. The description of the arrest, the journey to Man-

chester, the treatment suffered there, the longer journey to London, and the appearance at Bow Street, occupies no fewer than about thirty pages. But they are thoroughly readable; and, too, to be enjoyed, they must be read in full. No abridgment could preserve, no description would convey, the racy freshness of the original itself. The same, too, may be said of the next fifty pages; containing, among countless matters of inferior but still pleasant interest, an account of several examinations before the Privy Council, a description of the state-prisoners' life in Cold Bath Fields' Prison, a brief summary of what befel his fellow-prisoners, and a very particular repetition of most marvellous tales imposed upon him by a stranger, George Plant, 'a great reader, a botanist, a dreary-minded wanderer in lonely dells, on moors and heaths,' who for some time was imprisoned with him.

At last Mr. Bamford was discharged, the Privy Council not finding cause for further procedures; and on the 2nd of May, 1817, he arrived at home. He 'now went to work, his wife weaving beside him, and his little girl, now become doubly dear, attending school, or going short errands for her mother.' But it was not long before, 'in the absence of wholesome monition' respecting the ignorance and corruption of the people, 'with a strong though discreetly tempered zeal, he determined to go forward in the cause of parliamentary reform.' Yet the next events that happened were not of a very exhilarating nature. 'Instigated to crime, and then betrayed, by a government agent,' the infamous Oliver, Brandreth, Turner, and Ludlam, three of his former associates, were found guilty of high treason and were hanged at Derby, while fifteen others were transported for life. Some of the state prisoners, too, who had been his companions in Coldbath-fields, particularly Leach and Healey, appear to have seriously annoyed him after their release, propagating, or conniving at, 'reports that he had acted as a spy for the government, and had purchased his own liberation by betraying others.' All, however, was forgotten when the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act terminated, and 'the agitation for reform was renewed. A public meeting on the subject was held at Westminster; . . . numerous meetings followed in various parts of the country; . . . and even female political unions were formed, with their chairwomen, committees, and other officials.' In this state of things Hunt arrived in Manchester, but apparently effected little except a disturbance at the theatre. The crisis, however, was rapidly approaching: for after great meetings in Spafields and Birmingham, it was determined to gather that concourse in St. Peter's Field, Manchester, on August 16, 1819, which occasioned the arrest of

Hunt, Bamford, and others, on a charge of high treason, and the still more memorable and most enormous outrage, the murderous massacre at Peterloo. The preparations for the meeting; its design and character; the errors of its managers; its assembling and procedures; the unprovoked and most horrible attack upon it by the yeomanry; its dispersion; its immediate consequences; all are described by Mr. Bamford with an evident completeness, accuracy, candour, and artistical power, such as leave little, if anything, to be desired for a satisfactory apprehension of the entire tragedy.

The charge of high treason was ultimately withdrawn, at least suspended, and the prisoners were indicted for a misdemeanor. Two of them obtained immediate bail: Hunt, Bamford, and five others, in present default thereof, were committed to Lancaster Castle. Hunt and another, however, were soon bailed; and after true bills had been found against them all, bail was procured for the whole party, the trial being postponed till the next assizes. The examinations at Manchester; the journey to Lancaster; the prison scenes; the appearance before the court; the return home; these, and a rich variety of pleasant or otherwise affecting incidents, all are described as circumstantially and feelingly as any of the occurrences preceding. Soon after his return home, Mr. Bamford, encouraged or deceived by Mr. Finnerty, a reporter to *The Morning Chronicle*, with whom during the late disturbances he had formed an acquaintance, resolved to go again to London, with the hope of procuring permanent employment at the Chronicle office. On his way he visited Sir Charles Wolseley, who had invited him to stay a week or two at Wolseley Bridge. Thence to Oxford he travelled in a gig with Mr. Finnerty: from Oxford to London he proceeded alone, and chiefly on foot. Men and manners, nature and art, all, meanwhile, are closely watched with a perspicacious eye; the impressions are singularly true; and the communication of them is as singularly happy. We extend the same remark to his second series of metropolitan adventures; in the course of which he saw what Hunt was in his 'family'; was introduced to 'that worthy gentleman and scholar, Sir Richard Phillips'; had an interview with Earl Grosvenor, and another, less pleasing, with Alderman Waithman; came pretty well to understand 'that rather remarkable man,' Mr. Finnerty; engaged in copying for Mr. Pearson, the attorney for the accused; became too ill to remain at the desk; was reduced to extreme straits; obtained ten pounds from Mr. Galloway, treasurer to the London committee for the relief of the sufferers at the Manchester meeting; petitioned parliament; and found that he had come to London but to throw away his

time and waste his spirits. He now returned home to prepare for the approaching trial at York; for in consequence of Mr. Hunt's urgency, an application had been made, and successfully, to remove the trial from Lancaster to York. The collection of evidence; other preparations; the pedestrian journey, or rather procession, to York; all the particulars of the trial itself, together with sundry most amusing episodes; the 'severe, though just, exposition,' given by *The Times* of the whole matter; these, together with an account of our author's anxieties concerning a third journey to London, where, in the ensuing Easter term, he was bound to receive his sentence; all now follow, literally copied, truthfully repeated, gravely or humorously described, according to the nature of the case, so as to combine the utility of history with the liveliness and piquancy of romance. His walk to London fills no fewer than nearly thirty pages; but we would not they had been reduced. To himself, at all events, his walk was more pleasurable than his entertainment in our great metropolis. For what with booksellers' laughing at his offered poems; Hunt's restricted and unsympathizing hospitality; the anxieties of destitution; the disappointment that followed an application to the Court of King's Bench for a new trial; the warning execution of Thistlewood and his companions; the suspense relating to his own punishment; disgust with the follies and vices of his colleagues; a very imperfect satisfaction with parts of his own conduct, particularly with a piece of senseless bravado in which he had indulged before the court; the sentence at last to twelvemonths' imprisonment in Lincoln gaol, in addition to other precautionary restrictions; and, finally, the absolute desertion of the party by all their London friends, and the vexations and insults received from those who had the charge of his person till he entered Lincoln Castle; London and Londoners must ever after, we imagine, have awakened in his breast the strongest feelings of nausea and repugnance.

Mr. Bamford's prison-life in Lincoln was diversified with many interesting incidents, recorded in his own engaging style. Extraordinary indulgences seem to have been allowed him; by some of his quondam friends, too, he was kindly and serviceably remembered; he maintained correspondence with Hunt—no serviceable friend, however—and with others; and, altogether, his year's confinement, embittered by no particular remorse, and not darkened by the lowering and degrading frown of a condemnatory public opinion, must have been, we should imagine, among the most tolerable portions of his service and endurance for his country. His walk from Lincoln homewards, in the company of his faithful, high-souled, and most admirable

wife; a few particulars about his publishing pursuits, fit for a preface only, if at all; and a few concluding remarks 'on matters relative to the nation;' these occupy the remainder of the volumes: for as to the patched on chapter called 'An Afterthought,' and three other chapters thought of after this, we scarcely can conceive of them as Bamford's, and we earnestly entreat him to expunge them, or at least their main parts, from all future editions of his work. The man who has written more than five hundred closely printed pages of such sense and English as we are about to quote, has little need, and he should have too sound a judgment and too correct a taste, to publish the poor egotism and undigested fancies, which, almost without a mixture of superior matter, bore and afflict us in these last thirty pages. Lord Abinger's kind and calmly dignified letter, and Bamford's own not infelicitous, if not quite satisfactory, reply thereto—these, with notices of his lordship's and of others' friendly services, are alone sufficient to restrain us from even much severer animadversions. But we gladly proceed in the fulfilment of our promise, to present our readers with a few specimens of Mr. Bamford's style. Most of the best passages are far too long for our space; and we feel that on no practicable principle of selection can we do full justice to Mr. Bamford's varied powers. We refer to the following paragraph, however, as a pretty fair indication of his skill in portraiture. The scene is the House of Commons, on a great occasion.

'Canning, with his smooth, bare, capacious forehead, sat there, a spirit beaming in his looks like that of the leopard waiting to spring upon its prey. Castlereagh, with his handsome but immoveable features; Burdett, with his head carried back, and held high, as in defiance; and Brougham, with his Arab soul, ready to rush forth and challenge war to all comers. The question was to me solemnly interesting, whilst the spectacle wrought strangely on my feelings. Our accusers were many and powerful, with words at will, and applauding listeners. Our friends were few, and far between, with no applauders save their good conscience, and the blessings of the poor. What a scene was this to be enacted by 'the collective wisdom of the nation.' Some of the members stood leaning against pillars, with their hats cocked awry; some were whispering by half dozens; others were lolling upon their seats; some with arms a-kimbo were eye-glassing across the house; some were stiffened immoveably by pride, or starch, or both; one was speaking, or appeared to be so by the motion of his arms, which he shook in token of defiance when his voice was drowned by a howl as wild and remorseless as that from a kennel of hounds at feeding time. Now he points menacing to the ministerial benches; now he appeals to some members on this side, then to the speaker; all in vain. At times he is heard in the pauses

of that wild hubbub, but again he is borne down by the yell which awakes on all sides around him. Some talked aloud ; some whinnied in mock laughter, coming, like that of the damned, from bitter hearts. Some called 'order, order,' some 'question, question;' some beat time with the heel of their boots ; some snorted into their napkins ; and one old gentleman in the side gallery actually coughed himself from a mock cough into a real one, and could not stop until he was almost black in the face. . . . The speaker alluded to was Henry Brougham. I heard at first very little of what he said ; but I understood, from occasional words, and the remarks of some whom I took for reporters, that he was violently attacking the ministers and their whole home policy. That he was so doing might have been inferred from the great exertions of the ministerial party to render him inaudible, and to subdue his spirit by a bewildering and contemptuous disapprobation. But they had before them a wrong one for being silenced, either by confusion or menace. Like a brave stag, he held them at bay, and even hurled back their defiance with 'retorted scorn.' In some time his words became more audible ; presently there was comparative silence, and I soon understood that he had let go the ministry, and now, unaccountable as it seemed to me, had made a dead set at the reformers. Oh ! how he did scowl towards us, condemn and disparage our best actions, and wound our dearest feelings ; now stealing near our hearts with words of wonderful power, flashing with bright wit and happy thought ; anon, like a reckless wizard, changing pleasant sunbeams into clouds, 'rough with black winds and storms,' and vivid with the cruellest shafts. Then was he listened to as if not a pulse moved ; then was he applauded to the very welkin. And he stood in the pride of his power, his foes before him subdued, but spared, his friends derided and disclaimed, and his former principles sacrificed to 'low ambition,' and the vanity of such a display as this. . . . Every feeling was absorbed by the contemplation of that man whom I now considered to be the most perfidious of his race. I turned from the spectacle with disgust, and sought my lodgings in a kind of stupor ; almost believing that I had escaped from a monstrous dream. . . . He sinned then, and has often done so since, against the best interests of his country ; bowing to his own image, and sacrificing reason and principle to caprice or offended self-love. But has he not done much for mercy, and for the enlightenment of his kind ? See the African dancing above his chains ! Behold the mild but irresistible light which education is diffusing over the land ! These are, indeed, blessings beyond all price ; rays of unfading glory. They are Lord Brougham's ; and will illumine his tomb when his errors and imperfections are forgotten.—vol. i., pp. 26—29.

The following extract exhibits our author's extraordinary susceptibility and retentiveness of impression from external objects of even the least importance, joined with as singular an aptness in transferring his impressions to his readers' minds.

'Earl Grosvenor was the nobleman selected to present my petition to the House of Lords, and Sir Richard Phillips went with me to his mansion in Grosvenor Place, I think it was. His lordship was not at home, and we were directed to call on a certain day. It happened that Sir Richard was then engaged, and I went to his lordship myself. The great burly porter, who wore a rich livery trimmed with gold lace, would scarcely admit me within the door when he found I had not a letter of introduction. I explained to him my business with his lordship, but it was of no use; he could not send my message up. A fine table, with pens and paper, was near the window of the hall, and in my simplicity I made a move towards it, saying, I could soon write a note to his lordship: but he said he could not allow me to write there, it was contrary to orders, and would cost him his place if the other servants saw me. I accordingly bundled out, and went to a tavern, and wrote a note, which I took back; the porter then took the note, and told me to come again in about twenty minutes, or half an hour. It was raining, and I had nowhere to go under cover save the tavern; so I went there again, not much liking, however, this mode of noble housekeeping, and waited, with impatience, the time for the interview. I again went, and now the folding doors were thrown open long before I arrived at the steps; the late surly porter received me with a respectful inclination and a smile, saying, my note had been sent up, and his lordship would see me. He then rang a bell, and a servant appeared, to whom he announced my name. The servant asked me to follow him, and he led me into a very grand room, saying, his lordship would be with me in a few minutes. I had never seen any thing like the richness of this place before; every thing seemed almost too sumptuous, and too delicate for a human habitation; and to me it seemed a little museum of curious and costly things, arranged but to look at, and not to use. There were mirrors, and pictures, and cushions, and carpets, glowing like silk, and delicate hangings and curtains as fine as gossamer in summer; then the tables shone like glass, and the chairs, with their high cushions trussed up, quite tempted one to sit. Well, I stood looking about me some time, and no one appeared, and at last I thought, I'll sit down, at any rate; if his lordship should come in, he cannot be so greatly offended at one taking a seat in his house. So I sat down, and was quite surprised; I almost sank to my elbows in the soft downy cushion, and immediately jumped up again, thinking those seats could never be meant for human bones to rest upon; and I would not, for the world, have been taken by his lordship sitting there, with the cushion up to my elbows like a puff of soap-suds. I began to make the thing right again; and was so busied, when I heard a slight creaking noise. Immediately I resumed my posture of attention, and a tall gentlemanly-looking person, forty or forty-five years of age, dressed in a blue coat and yellow buttons, undoubtedly of gold, entered, and accosted me in a very courteous and affable manner, and immediately entered upon the business of my petition. I addressed him as 'my lord,'

which, indeed, he was, and told him somewhat about the subject of my petition, which I now showed him, and requested he would be so kind as to present for me to the House of Lords. He looked at it a few minutes, and said he would present it. He then questioned me about the state of the country, and particularly of my own neighbourhood, to each of which I gave him brief and true answers, according to the best of my ability. He then questioned me about our new rector at Middleton, the Rev. John Houghton; and as I was bound in truth, though not at the time over partial to him, I gave his lordship a fair and honourable account of the worthy clergyman, whereat he seemed much pleased. Soon after, I made my final bow, and was myself bowed out by the porter; and so I took my leave of that grand mansion, and its immensely rich owner.'—vol. ii., pp. 42—44.

Of Mr. Bamford's good-tempered buoyancy of spirits, our readers may form some idea from the account of one of the practical jokes he perpetrated upon 'Doctor' Healey. The doctor was, certainly, the fairest game imaginable; so almost intolerable were his obtrusive self-conceit and mischievous meddling. The occasion to which we refer was a rumoured attack upon Manchester. Whether the plot was a real one, or pretended only by the government agents, in order to entrap Bamford and others, was never made apparent; though the latter seems most probable. Neither Bamford's principles, however, nor his prudence, allowed him to sanction such a wild and wicked scheme. But before we quote his statement of what followed, we must beg our readers not to be dismayed by the dialect in which part of it is given; but resolutely to grapple with this ancient Saxon, and to metamorphose it as they pass on, however slowly, into their own vernacular.

'It was deemed prudent that Healey and I should, on that night, sleep from home, and at some place where our stay could be proved, should anything arise to render such a step necessary. And none could tell what might be necessary; as in those days of alarm and uncertainty, no one knew what was impending. An old female reformer accordingly gave us her house and bed, and, turning the key, locked us in; whilst we, in our simplicity, were quite satisfied with having taken so wise a precaution against any false evidence which might by possibility be brought to connect us with the plot of which we had been apprized. We retired to rest, and lay talking this strange matter over until sleep overtook us. I was first to awake; and seeing a brightness behind the curtain, I stepped to the window, and, sure enough, beheld in the southern sky a stream of light, which, I thought, must be that of a distant fire. It was a fine crisped morning; and, as I looked, a piece of a moon came wandering to the west from behind some masses of cloud. Now she would be entirely obscured; then streaks of her pale beams would be seen breaking on

the edges of the vapours; then a broader gleam would come; then again it would be pale and receding; but the clouds were so connected that the fair traveller had seldom a place for showing her unveiled horn. I saw how it was; my conflagration had dwindled to a moon beam; and as I stood with the frost tingling at my toes, 'an unlucky thought' came into my head, to have a small joke at the doctor's expense; and as it was a mode of amusement to which I must confess I was rather prone, I immediately began to carry it into effect. I gave a loud cough or two; the doctor thereupon grunted and turned over in bed; when, in the very break of his sleep, I said aloud, as I crept beneath the bed-clothes, 'There's a fine leet i' th' welkin, as th' witch o' Brandwood sed when th' devil wur ridin' o'er Rossenda.' 'Leet,' said the doctor, 'a fine leet? weer? weer?' 'Why, go to th' windo' an' look.' That instant my sanguine friend was out of bed, and at the window, his head stuck behind the curtain.' 'There's a great leet,' he said, 'to'rd Manchester.' 'There is, indeed,' I replied, 'it's mitch but weary wark is gooin' on omung yon foke.' 'It's awful,' said the doctor; 'thei'r agate as sure as we're heer.' 'I think there's summut up,' I said. I was now snugly rolled in the clothes, and perceived at the same time that the doctor was getting into a kind of dancing shiver; and my object being to keep him in his shirt till he was cooled and undeceived, and consequently a little sprung in temper, I asked, 'Dun yo really think then ot th' teawn's o' foyer?' 'Foyer!' he replied, 'there's no deawt on't.' 'Con you see th' flames, doctor?' 'Nowe, I conno' see th' flames, but I can see th' leet ut comes fro' em.' 'That's awful,' I ejaculated. 'Aye, it's awful,' he said; 'come an' see for yoursel.' 'Nowe, I'd reyther not,' I answered; 'I dunno' like sich seets; it's lucky ut we're heer; they conno' say ut we'n had owt to do wi' it, at ony rate, con they, doctor?' 'Nowe,' he said, 'they conno.' 'It keeps changin',' he said. 'Con yo' yer owt?' I asked. 'Nowe, I conno' yer nowt,' he said. I, however, heard his teeth hacking in his head, and stuffed the sheet into my mouth, to prevent my laughter from being noticed. 'Ar' yo' sure, doctor?' I asked. No reply. 'Is it blazin' up?' I said. 'Blazin' be hanged!' was the answer. 'Wot dun yo' myen, doctor? is it gwon eawt then?' 'Gullook!' he said, 'it's nobbut th' moon, an' yo' knewn it oth' while.' A loud burst of laughter followed, which I enjoyed till the bed shook; my companion muttering imprecations and sundry devil's prayers against all 'moon doggs an' welkin lookers;' by which terms I knew he meant myself for one.—vol. i. pp. 39—41.

While Bamford and Healey were travelling about in order to escape arrest, they met with a curious adventure at an inn. Comic at the first, this occurrence at one time threatened to end tragically; till the interference of a constable and an overseer, joined afterwards by two persons, apparently farmers,

brought the disturbance to a friendly close. What follows tells its own tale loud enough. Neither facts nor style require a word from us.

'We were talking on various matters when the door was opened, and a personally fine looking woman, with an infant at the breast, advanced timidly, and said she wished to speak to the overseer. Her outer garments were of very homely material, being, seemingly, cotton fents dyed blue; but neatly fitting her person, and very clean. She had a pair of light clogs on her feet; and her stockings were, I could perceive, well darned above the buckles. Her petticoat and bed-gown were of the same blue cotton; and the latter was open at the bosom, where a fine boy lay smiling at his pap. Her apron was striped calico; and her head gear consisted of a striped napkin, apparently also a fent, over a mob cap, very white; from beneath which a lock of black hair had escaped, and hung as if in contrast with a bosom of as pure white as ever appertained to human nature. Her features, also, were handsome; her cheeks were faintly tinged on a very pale ground. Her mouth was somewhat wan; she seemed rather exhausted; and as she stood, the tears came into her dark and modest eyes. 'Weer dusto com fro?' asked the overseer; 'an' wot dusto want? theawrt a new un at ony rate,' he continued. She said she came from Musbury, and wanted relief for her husband, herself, and two children, besides the infant. 'An wot dun yo doo for a livin?' interrogated the overseer. They wove calico, she said, when they could get work and were able; but the children at home were ill of the measles; the shopkeeper had refused them any more credit; and her 'husban' has wurched for us till he fell off his looms, and wur beginnin' o' th' feyver, the docthur said so.' 'Hang those docthurs,' said the overseer, 'why conno they let foke dee when thur time comes?' 'I hope he'll no dee yet,' said the poor woman, tears streaming in plenty; 'I think he'd come reawnd iv yod nobbut let us have a trifle o'summut to carry on wi'; an' iv yo win (intreatingly) I'll hie me whom, an' I'll put th' chylt i' th' keyther, an' set at yon wark and finish it mysel; an' we'n not trouble yo agen unless we'en sum new misfortin'.' The overseer asked the farmers, who, it appeared, were rate payers, what they thought of the case; and the result was, that he gave her two shillings and promised to call and see the family. But she must tell her husband he must not begin of the fever. 'Its o' idlety, idlety; an' iv th' paupers o' th' teawn yerd at he geet owt wi' bein' ill o' th' feyver, they'd o' begin. Nowe, nowe, they'd'n ha' no feyvers i' their teawnship.' She took the money, curtsyed, and thanked the overseer and rate-payers. One of them said she had been 'a decent wench;' he knew her father in better days; and he offered her a glass of the warm ale, which she put to her lips, and swallowed a small quantity. Her cheeks turned deathly pale; she put out her hand, as if her sight was gone; her grasp relaxed; the child dropped on Healey's knee; and I caught the fainting woman in my arms

'Hoos clem'd to dyeth,' said one of the rate-payers. 'Hoos as dyed as a dur nail,' said the other. 'I didno deny her relief,' said the overseer. The doctor handed the child to the landlady and called for some brandy, which was brought, together with a sharp smelling-bottle, which was applied; but there was not any perceptible breathing, and she shrank down seated upon the floor, I kneeling, and still keeping her in a leaning posture. And shall I be ashamed to say, that whilst I thus held her, tears escaped, and chased down a furrow already made by care on that cold and pale brow? Oh, no! could I have withheld my deepest sympathy from that beauteous mother, my sister in humanity, perishing thus for want of food, my heart must have turned to stone. Healy chafed her temples with the liquor, sprinkled her face with water, opened her hands, and tried to get a drop of liquid into her mouth, but her teeth were set. 'Poor thing,' said the doctor, 'she must have been very ill.' 'Hoos dun for i' this ward,' said one of the men. 'I relieft hur,' said the overseer, 'for I seed hoo'r none o' eawr reggilur paupers.' 'We shan ha to have an inquest,' said the constable. 'Moor expense, and moor,' said the overseer; 'but they conno say 'at I neglected 'em, con they?' Whilst these observations, and many others, were passing, the features of the sufferer became less rigid; the jaw relaxed; a drop of brandy and water was administered; a slight tinge of pink appeared on her cheeks; the chafings and smellings were continued; a sigh after some time escaped, and in a minute or two those dark fringed eyes unclosed; she looked inquiringly around, and soon appeared to comprehend her situation. In a short time she was restored; her child was again pressed to her bosom; the two shillings were made up to five; she took a cup of warm tea with the family; and in another hour she was slowly wending up the hill towards Musbury.'—vol. i. pp. 60—62.

We close our extracts with the account of his return to his own house, after the excursion in which the last mentioned incident occurred.

'And shall we part here, friend reader? On my very threshold shall we part? Nay, come in from the frozen rain, and from the night wind which is blowing the clouds into sheets like torn sails before a gale. Now down a step or two. 'Tis better to keep low in the world than to climb only to fall. It is dark, save when the clouds break into white scud above; and silent, except the snort of the wind, and the rattling of hail, and the eaves of dropping rain. Come in. A glimmer shows that the place is inhabited, that the nest has not been rifled whilst the old bird was away. Now shalt thou see what a miser a poor man can be in his heart's treasury. A second door opens, and a flash of light shows we are in a weaving-room, clean and flagged, and in which are two looms with silken work of green and gold. A young woman, of short stature, fair, round, and fresh as Hebe; with

light brown hair escaping in ringlets from the sides of her clean cap, and with a thoughtful and meditative look, sits darning beside a good fire, which sheds warmth upon the clean swept hearth, and gives light throughout the room, or rather cell. A fine little girl, seven years of age, with a sensible and affectionate expression of countenance, is reading in a low tone to her mother. 'And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.' Observe the room and its furniture. A humble but cleanly bed, screened by a dark, old-fashioned curtain, stands on our left. At the foot of the bed is a window closed from the looks of all street passers. Next are some chairs, and a round table of mahogany; then another chair, and next it a long table scoured very white. Above that is a looking-glass, with a picture on each side of the resurrection and ascension on glass, 'copied from Reubens.' A well-stocked shelf of crockery-ware is the next object; and in a nook near it are a black oak carved chair or two, with a curious desk, or box, to match; and lastly, above the fire-place, are hung a rusty basket-hilted sword, an old fusee, and a leathern cap. Such are the appearance and furniture of that humble abode. But my wife!

'She looked; she reddened like the rose;
Syne, pale as ony lily.'

Ah! did they hear the throb of my heart when they sprang to embrace me? my little love child to my knees, and my wife to my bosom? Such were the treasures I had hoarded in that lowly cell: treasures that, with contentment, would have made into a palace—

—— 'the lowest shed
That ever rose on England's plain.'

They had been at prayers, and were reading the Testament before retiring to rest. And now, as they a hundred times caressed me, they found that, indeed, 'Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.'—vol. i. p. 74, 75.

Of 'my wife,' too, who seems to have been a wonder of a woman, we cannot but record the following:—

'The order was then given to move. My wife burst into tears. I tried to console her; said I should soon be with her again; and

bestowing a kiss for my dear child when she came in the morning, I ascended into the street and shouted 'Hunt and liberty!' 'Hunt and liberty,' responded my brave little helpmate, whose spirit was now roused. One of the policemen, with a pistol in his hand, swearing a deep oath, said he would blow out her brains if she shouted again. 'Blow away,' was her reply; 'Hunt and liberty! Hunt for ever!'—vol. i. pp. 229, 230.

The man and his work may be pretty fairly judged of from these quotations. They are not the fittest to serve for a text to the remarks we have presently to offer: but as we could not find room for all we wished, we were obliged to select such as would best bring Bamford's powers into view. It is clear that our author possesses all the elements of a fine literary character; and there are parts of his work, which, without the least correction, no man need blush to have composed. Yet the scanty instruction afforded in a village Methodist Sunday-school, seems the only assistance that he ever had. He says little, however, of his early life; though, from a hint or two, we gather that before his marriage, and while yet a lad, a voyage in a merchant's vessel served somewhat to enlarge his views and whet his powers of observation. Otherwise, a handloom weaver's tame, unvarying life was all he knew; till his own honesty, cleverness, and general ability, raising him to the respect and confidence of his immediate neighbours, brought him, as their representative, into circumstances of extraordinary though temporary publicity. Here, still trusted by the good among his friends, he became respected by the good among his foes. Samuel Bamford, as the follower of a man like Hunt, could not, it is true, redeem his 'order' from the frightened hatred, and his cause from the ignorant contempt, of the unmitigated Toryism of the day. Nor do we deem him worthy of the honour of a place in the first rank of our political martyrs; neither do we award to him the consideration due to such as are *most* signally victimized by scoundrels with whom, in their fervour and simplicity, they have credulously associated. Bamford was too knowing to be *much* injured by his friends; and his principles of action were scarcely pure and deep enough to render him a hero. His was not a thoroughly or an intelligently religious character. He had too much humane feeling and poetic genius not to breathe a religious atmosphere with considerable pleasure. His book gives proof enough of this, and more, it may be, than enough. For Bamford's religion, while of sincerity that we respect too much to question, is any thing but a religion commended by our judgment. The vulgarest country Methodism is all he seems to have observed. We know it well, the Methodism of his own locality, of Middleton, Heywood, and all

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that teeming district. It has been the only religious teacher by whom the vast majority of the thousands living there have been at all instructed: and their present state is most appalling, though, to such as have an eye to see, most pregnant with sound admonition. Their almost soulless aspect of indifference; the blindest possible and most unmoveable, or varied only by occasional malignant or coarse jocosity, too witless to be humorous, too meaningless to be accounted infidelity; this aspect never could have clothed a man like Bamford. His religion, notwithstanding, at least as apparent in his book, is to our apprehension of no loftier a nature than what is traceable in the general corruption of his district. Activity, sympathy, an imagination such as his, must necessarily do something with religious knowledge when acquired, however superficial, vague, and mixed with errors it may be, and however offensively it may have been communicated. Doubtless, the fullest, purest, and most aptly furnished spiritual knowledge, is frequently perverted to results most frightful and tremendous. But the ruin and decay cannot conceal the nature of what has been so signally abused. The kind and the mode of instruction are, to an analytic eye, as perceptible in the failure as in the improvement. The improvement made by Bamford, and the abuse so marked among his neighbours, appear to us phenomena of the same elementary materials, the truths of Christianity as presented in the least orderly, accurate, congruous, and effective way, in which perhaps they could be in a land and day like this. And to the feeble indefiniteness of Bamford's Christian views, and the consequent want of comprehensiveness and of well-adjusted, steady pressure, by which his religious principles of action were necessarily distinguished, we attribute his contentment with a something short of genuine heroism, and his failing to remove more thoroughly his adversaries' prejudices against the political principles he entertained. Still, if we rank Major Cartwright and his compeers as the first class, Bamford, all his history considered, was among the best of the second class, of the reformers of that day; and of Hunt's admirers, such at least as figured publicly, none, perhaps, excelled him. And he had a proportionate reward—the generous discrimination of excited and alarmed opponents; and, we have not a doubt, he did his cause a correspondent service, constraining opposition to respect him, and thus helping to persuade it to investigate more candidly his principles. To what extent his political convictions have been modified; how far Tory courtesy has conciliated him to Tory principles; whether the public commendation of his work, too, has not nourished vanity rather than industry, and, together with pleasure, produced carelessness to please; all these are points we

feel called to overlook, when once suggested, rather than adjudicate. Should our readers think it worth their while to censure Bamford on such points, let them, if they can, as we do, trace up his errors to the flimsy feebleness of his religion; think what he might have been if blessed with larger and more luminous discoveries of God; and then lay censure light: for we, too, are all human; and Bamford was a handloom weaver, poor, friendless, and despised.

And now, notwithstanding our stout determination to inflict a lengthy moral on our readers, we find that, though we treat of facts not fables, our moral, in proportion to our tale, must be as curt and cramped as that of the most welcome fabulists. We grieve at the necessity, but have no choice. Our destined space is well nigh occupied; and, besides, we have not had it in our power to copy out the passages that chiefly rouse the thoughts we now proceed to indicate. We suppose, then, that our readers have examined Bamford's volumes, and have consequently learned a little of what magistrates, policemen, jurors, yeomanry, spies in the pay of government, and other members of the home-executive, could, thirty years since, do for the maintenance of peace and in honour of righteousness. We are not indisposed to admit that our internal police is at present of a character in somewhat closer harmony with truth and equity. But if any of our readers can turn away from Bamford's pages with the comfortable persuasion that wrongs such as he felt are never now inflicted, and that in our 'free and happy land' the executive will no more do evil, for the sake of either good or evil, we pray them to dispel the pleasant but most treacherous delusion; to suffer *facts*, at all events, to have a little force; and, instead of dreaming that there is nothing now to do but to enjoy the liberty secured by their predecessors, to bethink themselves of what the advantages which they possess devolve upon them as their duty; and to examine whether foes have not already bound them while indulging in complacent sleep. Did the government employ no spies against the Chartists? Was Lord Abinger a righteous judge? Were the Dublin trials such as the reporters testified? Is there a public reformer among us, whose private letters Sir James Graham has not opened? What have not both judge and jury done to silence Mr. Miall? Is not the administration of the law of libel worse than even in the days of Mansfield? Are North Britons quite secure from the far-famed 'internal vigour' of their criminal courts? Of our courts ecclesiastical, our irresponsible unpaid, our martial courts, our guardians of the poor, our income-tax commissioners, who does not weekly hear of deeds so dark as to overspread our

hearths with gloom? And does the gloom dispose thee, Britain, to a heavy sleep? They who have overcast it, are they thy household gods? And canst thou laud them for it, and then trust thyself beneath their darkening care as if repose were safe? And of thy sons, seem the religious the most contented and most drowsy?

We now advert to another matter; and, still supposing that our readers are familiar with the contents of these volumes, we declare our readiness to deduce from them alone, both the people's right to have, and their fitness to employ, the suffrage. We mean by their 'fitness,' their equal fitness to that of the classes deemed already fit; and though some of our opponents might at first rejoice in our appeal on such a subject to the volumes before us, we should not retract our assertion, but should calmly prosecute our reference. Mountebanks like Healey; scoundrels such as Hunt; madmen such as Mitchell; dupes like Bamford's 'co-delegate'; malignants such as many who have not a name; all may be revived, as if we were to be confounded and for ever silenced by the resurrection: but we retain our position and our bearing, and are prepared, when opportunity is meet, to verify all we have asserted. None of his readers will suspect Bamford of flattering his class in the portrait he has given of them; or, on the other hand, of detracting from the beauty of the 'privileged.' Of the two classes, moreover, the mere inhabitants are unquestionably improved, since the times that Bamford treats of, to a much more marked degree than their exclusive oppressors, the citizens. But confining our attention to the two as represented in these volumes, we unhesitatingly declare that for shrewd perception of what tends to their own interests, and, according to their possible range of observation, to the interests of all; for readiness to widen their range of view when requisite, and to bear personal and temporary suffering for the universal good; for sympathy with integrity and general ability, sufficient to discriminate those among their offered leaders who are most competent to lead them; for patience when wronged, and unwillingness to wrong; in short, for *any* of the general qualifications desirable for electors, we should as cheerfully depend on the unprivileged as on their fancied superiors; and for *some* of these qualifications, we should inexpressibly prefer the former to the latter, the excluded to the monopolists, the banned to the favoured and bepraised. Yet the 'citizens' portrayed before us are, as a body, among the most seemly of their class; and the 'mere inhabitants' assuredly are, with one or two exceptions, by much the least eminent of theirs. Those, too, had all advantages; our clients, scarcely any. These last, moreover, were palpably

and in many ways oppressed, and yet restrained themselves from madness; the others used their power for intoxication, though using it for justice they would have been extolled for generosity as well. We assert all this, now, with a very full and clear remembrance of the whole that we have written above, and elsewhere too, respecting the blank irreligiousness of the thousands among the operatives of Lancashire. Theirs, however, is not all the irreligiousness among us: and if the corruption of the best things is the worst state possible, there is a more fearful and demoralizingly pernicious corruption of religious truth, we apprehend, among the self-applauded and unsympathizing voters, than any visible among their wantonly scorned subjects.

But we have a moral for these 'subjects' too; for the 'mere inhabitants' of Lancashire especially, as those most conspicuously brought before us in this book, though for all as well whose condition is akin to theirs. And could we reach the ears of the million of artisans in Lancashire, we should take advantage of Mr. Bamford's book to address them on many a matter of detail. But as our pages circulate among the better educated and more thoughtful only of this extraordinary population, we shall confine our observations to one topic, but that, in our esteem, the most comprehensive and important. Their great need is what we have already spoken of as Bamford's; the need of enlightened, strong, operative, personal religion. This assertion is not a mere truism; nor does it imply that Lancashire artisans are of a nature requiring religious correctives more than other men. But, reminded by these volumes of their political history for the last fifty years; of their often raised and as often disappointed hopes; of their costly and riskful efforts to enfranchise the classes just above them, the very men who now are the most earnest to exclude them from full citizenship; of their frequent deception by corrupt and dangerous leaders; of their pauses between periods of spasmodic exertion for their rights, pauses, for the most part, unimproved and useless; of their powerlessness, and unwillingness to act, unless associated; of the tendency of their association to awaken fear rather than to command respect; of their joy in being feared, even when as determined as possible to do nothing of the nature apprehended; of their dependence on their numbers rather than their sense; and of their love of physical 'demonstrations,' all to end in nothing, rather than of moral, which are never made in vain; reminded of all this, as amply illustrated in the last half century; perceiving, too, the tendency of the capital invested in the cotton business, to accumulate in masses large and few, and the all but sovereign sway to be consequently exercised by mas-

ters, easily banded and of mutual sympathies, over the many hundreds, or thousands, they severally employ; lastly, expecting that a general reduction of hours of labour will soon occasion to this mighty multitude facilities, for either good or evil, not known to the present generation, or, at least, since the factory discipline was substituted for the less restricted handloom life; collecting all these things, and pondering them till we feel the force of each, and the general pressure of them all; the specific conviction occupies and fills our mind, that religion only can acquire for these men their rights, and religion only can make the rights a blessing when acquired. We protest, we say, against regarding this assertion as a truism. It contains truth, without doubt, of universal application; but truth, too, worthy of distinct and pointed application, such as we now give it. Whatever be man's need, we glory equally with any in first bidding him fear God: but in relation to the need we now are studying, we feel that no means can efficiently be used to meet it but by religious men alone; that all exertion but such as is animated by religious motive, and pervaded by religious temper, repels the prize the farther, and is worse than useless; and that unless employed as religious men alone would use it, the suffrage, comparatively harmless, it may be, to others, would to the operatives themselves become a chain of bondage not of glory, a curse and not a blessing. To gain the suffrage, they must fight, or they must reason. To fight would be both murderous and suicidal. No reason is heard but such as comes from men whose general character and ways constrain respect and charm attention. None but religious men; or men, at least, whose social character is such as is formed by religious men alone, and has their general approbation; none but men like these can gain the ear of people who have power: for they only give a pledge that they will use the citizen's prerogative for the advantage of the city; and, we will add, they only can honestly employ, even if other men could think of, the most forcible arguments for establishing their right. Men of the religion we are now imagining, speak for themselves, and act alone, whether joined by their fellow-men or not. They shun an organized association whose real and apparent leaders are not men of the social excellences hinted at above. They are such as no man would attempt to bribe. They are too valuable servants for any master to risk losing by attempting to coerce. They feel the force of truth rather than of circumstances; and hence strive constantly and calmly, rather than at intervals and in convulsions. They resist unrighteous instigations if made by men of their own level; and thus faithful in a few things, they are evidently fitted to be rulers over more.

Not a word of the foregoing observations can, however, be adduced in defence of the existent monopoly. No man may do evil that good may come. No man may withhold another's right, lest if conceded it be misemployed. The unprivileged are not cravers of a boon; they with much respect demand their own. They do not fight for it; for they fear God. They, therefore, reason; not, however, to induce their injurers to pity or to aid them, but to convince them of their injustice, and to show to them its harmful re-action on themselves. And the one design and only bearing of the admonitions we have given them is, to guide them so that their reasonings of such a kind shall prove effectual.

But how shall the many hear without a preacher? Who will essay to impart the true religious character to all these guideless thousands? 'Come, and help us!' is the cry of their condition; who answers, 'Here am I, send me?' We turn with eagerness to our Baptist and Independent colleges; for they alone, we apprehend, contain the men we need. Deeming such ministry as theirs will be, more adapted than any other in our country to promote the general spiritual interests of the people we have been considering, we think it specially adapted to produce the social character we long to see. We think this, of course, because of the description of theology they spread; but also, and on this we now press mainly, because their ecclesiastical system is the only one, likely to act to any great extent among this people, which leaves its agents' hearts at liberty to sympathize with them in the wrongs that they endure. We have no desire to see our ministers lecturers on political justice, or agents in managing political associations. Still less would we discover in them a timid connivance at traitorous and insensate projects, or a servile affectation with the poor of sentiments they would among the rich repudiate and ridicule. We would neither bind them to a political creed, nor have them teach as Christian truth that which, though true, is not confessedly within the Christian record. But neither would we have them twaddle about the peculiarly carnalizing tendency of politics; nor, when the heart is bleeding from a thousand wrongs, would we have them ignorant of their existence, or able to apply in social life *none* but religious lenitives; nor would we have them as citizens fearful of committing themselves by the expression of a deep conviction, because it might be reported to their disadvantage; nor would we have them exaggerating the follies of such as have no helper, in order to secure the favour of the men who need none. All that we plead for is, that those who undertake to apply the truths of God should make themselves acquainted with the state and sorrows of their

charge; that they should be found men who have candidly and seriously studied what their scholars have so deeply felt as to give a character to all their reasonings and conduct; that they should show themselves able to discriminate, and, if detecting a fallacy or fault, should not seem blind to a principle or an excellence; that their heart should so evidently be the people's as, without a frequent proclamation to that same effect, to win the people's confidence, to produce docility, and to excite sympathy in turn with the minister's desires and designs; that their speech and their preaching in their own professed department should uplift their hearers' thoughts at times to other states than this, disclose to them the civic rights and character of Christians, prepare them to view earth with sobered fancies, and awaken sympathy with God in all His workings and pursuits; that, meanwhile, not a single wrong done by the mighty should be denied, or any of their principles of evil cloaked; and, lastly, that in the minister of Christ the poor and the degraded should feel both warranted and bound to recognise a man who, would he speak about their failings, speaks of them to themselves, and who when absent from them is their steady and consistent advocate. Such is the ministry we wish to see engaged amidst our operatives; and we most earnestly invoke our students to think much about the field of labour we thus indicate. Undoubtedly, the field is arduous; but it is not impracticable. Coarseness, distrust, reserve, long-seeming insensibility and mental torpor, all this should be expected for a season; and much of it, with other faults as well, for generations more than one. But an elevated tone of Christian character; a dignified self-government; a sound judgment; a self-devoting zeal for others' interests; a healthy humanity; these, sustaining the action of a copiously rendered Scripture lore, and a well-arranged and forcibly presented Calvinism, will issue, as early as could be reasonably looked for, in compensatory results of the most delightful and satisfying kind. We speak with confidence, for we know the county well: and though we are acquainted with many parts of England where the civilizing influences of godliness are even much more needed, we know of none where they seem likely to produce so obvious and abundant fruit, if only the godliness created be as scriptural as we could wish. Of social and secular inducements to dwell among Lancashire operatives, we confess there are but few. We speak, however, to spiritual men not carnal, and to men so eminently spiritual as while young to be accounted elders. Bachelor's living, nevertheless, should be provided, and such, too, as befits the man on whose exemplary personal refinement the refinement of his people is dependent. And it is with plea-

sure more than common we advert, in this connexion, to the recent resolution of the Lancashire Congregational Union, a sort of county mission, that no minister, whose services they hereafter may engage, or sanction, shall receive less than £100 a-year. We would express, too, our decided preference, were we in our youth about to labour in that county, of settling under that Union's guidance, than, *cæteris paribus*, in any sphere without it. Possessed of the confidence of the executive committee, a confidence no sensible and honest junior minister could fail to gain, the chief annoyances of a Lancashire country pastor's life would pretty well be neutralized; and by the time his people could support him, they would be substantially removed. If this article should only induce a few of our superior young men to spend their energies in Lancashire, and some other of our home missionary institutions to imitate the conduct of our Independent brethren in that county, it will have been neither written nor perused in vain.

Art. II. *A Revived Ministry, our only Hope for a Revived Church.* By one of the least among the Brethren. pp. 60. Jackson and Walford.

We place the above pamphlet at the head of this paper, because we are about to write, not upon its character, but its subject. Ignorant of the author's name, we are yet glad to say, that his mode of treating his important theme is creditable to him. With his sentiments we generally agree; as to their substantial truth we have no doubt. One of the most pleasant features of his little work is the manifest and tender sincerity with which it is written. There is no exposure of a defective state in a non-defective spirit — no carnal condemnation of carnality — no casting out of devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils. The writer is without censoriousness; indeed we can imagine the exercise of greater severity to be in harmony with the purest charity. Whoever he be, he speaks like one who has 'a burden,' and therefore speaks in a tone worthy of regard from all who value the restoration of the 'old ministry.'

It has been the boast of Nonconformists to have a regenerated ministry, and though the boast has been sometimes rather loud, we think it has been justified by their history. Compared with the endowed ministry, there can be no question of its decided and vast superiority in point of spiritual religion. Among the various bodies of evangelical Dissenters, a really ungodly minister — one who has never passed from death unto life — is the

exception, the comparatively rare exception. We believe this to have been so from the beginning, and we believe it to be so now. But it does not follow, therefore, that we have any very great grounds for trust and glory. The ministry may be in the main a converted ministry, and yet it may be far from a state which would justify complacency and inspire hope. The godliness may be decent, and yet share the fate of most simply decent things. The question we put is—does the religion of the ministry among evangelical Dissenters oblige us to look elsewhere for the principal cause of what is humbling and dispiriting in our religious condition.

It is assumed in this inquiry, that there is something ‘humbling and dispiriting in our religious condition.’ We have no pleasure in saying or thinking so. It is our wont to take the brightest views that reason may permit on subjects associated with the welfare of the world. We would fain escape the impression that has forced itself upon our minds. We did not seek it, we cannot resist it. But having it, we dare not conceal it. Long ago we eschewed and denounced the policy of *keeping things quiet* that ought to be remedied. It does nothing but perpetuate them. The time is come for grappling with the present question, and not to do it may entail heavy and lasting consequences upon all that we wish and most justly prize. It is not necessary to enumerate the evidence that our spiritual case is far from a cheering one. Statistics are not to be had, and, if they were, would be comparatively useless. Any one having a general acquaintance with our churches, will understand and appreciate the questions, which we now propose with fear and trembling, and not in the spirit of an indictment. Are our churches increasing so as to make inroads on the masses of ignorance and sin that surround them? Are they increasing at all, when the increase of population is considered? Are they, as a general rule, in a decidedly flourishing state? Would a stranger going among them be struck with their embodiment of the primitive idea? Are they to the world what the representations of Scripture would justify us in requiring that they should be? Are they signs, witnesses, blessings? Is the ministry, taken *as a whole, religiously powerful*? Does it, by the aid only of honest and healthy means, lay hold upon the popular mind? These questions, and many more of the same kind, we are compelled to answer in the negative. What is the reason of all this? We have a Scriptural theology, holding fast the vital elements of spiritual power. We maintain an ecclesiastical organization possessing special adaptation to the growth and diffusion of godliness, and sympathising more directly than most others with the temper of the times. We possess learning enough to pro-

tect us from contempt, on account of gross incompetency to fill the position that Providence has assigned to us. And there is no lack of men to take charge of all existing societies, and many more. What then is the reason? Our simple answer is—there are several reasons, but the principal one is the want of a more entire and vehement consecration to the work on the part of ministers. There are other causes operating in different degrees to the same result, but we are persuaded the root of the evil is in this. The ministry of any church is the rule and source of its prosperity. ‘Like people, like priest,’ is an everlasting proverb. Given the ministry, and you may safely conclude as to the state of the body, its character, its works, its progress. And that which in the ministry is, above all other things, so sure a sign, and potent an influence, is the presence or the absence of a deep spirituality. Much stress is laid, now-a-days, on the power of the individual will and heart. The error in some quarters is in an exaggeration, a strange exaggeration, of this truth, and thus agency and instrumentality are confounded, and more is made of believing than of truth, as if the eye were all, and the light were nothing. But the fact remains, that infinitely more depends on what men are, than on any of the things with which they have to do. To rely on machinery for spiritual purposes is the worst of all delusions. Institutions of the best construction are only bodies, and the body without the spirit is dead. There may be exact definitions of doctrine, fit and proper politics, ripe learning, polished address, words without end, and yet a lack of the only power that can vivify, direct, and glorify the whole. The essential part of the service may be wanted, and a question like that of Isaac’s have to be proposed—‘Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?’ We think that such a question may be put respecting our ministry. Is it manifestly a ministry from God? Is it aggressive in its modes of action, eminently devoted, earnest, self-denying, unwearied, painful? Do those who preach give unquestionable evidence of the single eye, and thoroughly consecrated heart? Do they, by persevering effort in the midst of discouragement, by preferring the laborious and useful, but ill-requiting lot, by sacrificing prospects of personal ease and profit to the good of large and neglected neighbourhoods, and by regulating their exertions, not according to the requirements of official propriety, but the exigences of human souls, make it clear that their only end is ‘the profit of many that they may be saved?’ Are there prevailing indications among them of the true temper of the missionary, the reformer, the martyr? Do they exhibit a *constant* spirit, abiding in spheres till sufficient time has passed to prove the real worth of their plans of operation?

Do they possess the belief that no people are to be lightly abandoned to eternal doom, and that success may be obtained if it be rightly sought? Is it their feeling that the ministry was never meant to be a respectable profession but a hard work? Are moral and eternal fruits, in the instruction, quickening and sanctifying of men, more highly prized than the comforts, and enjoyments arising from respectable positions, established interests, and intelligent society? We might multiply these inquiries almost without end, and we fear the response to them would be sorrowful from most persons whose information would warrant their making a response at all. Let us repeat, that our intention is not to prefer charges, though our mode may suggest it. We write with the deepest self-abasement, and devoted love and honour for our brethren, whose shoes' latchet we are not worthy to unloose. Nor, however painful may be our own views in some respects, would justice be done us if we were regarded as lamenting the *entire condition* of our body, and class. So far from it, we would not for one moment hint that a very large number of ministers may not be found amongst us, whose course and success, if looked at alone, would justly excite astonishment at the nature of our interrogatories. We have amongst us a glorious company of men who combine in rich and harmonious variety all the qualifications and attributes of 'servants of the most high God;' the simplicity of whose piety appears in beautiful fellowship with great attainments, who are as devoted workmen as they are eloquent orators, who unite the fervour of the first age to the refinement of the last, and who behold in large and flourishing churches the natural, and yet supernatural, results. And we must add, likewise, that our object is even still less to draw, or to intimate, any distinction between one class or race of ministers and another. We speak not of the young or of the old. This remark is rendered necessary, by not a little that has been said of late years in disparagement of the rising ministry. For some time we received these complaints and accusations only as at the worst, the ooziings out of the distrust and impatience with which it is natural for the aged to contemplate the youthful, especially if the latter show signs of independence and of power, and we are strongly inclined to cherish this estimate still. Who likes to be assailed with the peremptory order, 'move on?' Ever since the world began there have been the elements of schism between the ancient holders of office, and those who have but recently received it. It is unnecessary for us to conceal the faults which generally obtain among young ministers, or those which especially obtain among the existing race; we know too well how thankless and thoughtless would be the work of an indiscriminate vindication; but, without making any invidious

comparisons, we may avow our belief that in relation to our present subject, viz. piety, they stand as well as others, while in relation to some other things they stand much better. A good deal of the suspicion which prevails respecting this important class, and which many foster who ought to reprove it, arises, we are persuaded, from what those persons would be sorry to sanction—a *secret belief in the sinfulness of human learning*. We put it strongly on purpose—but not too strongly. This is the primary element. As an unconscious moral feeling against *matter* leads to sympathy with much popish doctrine and ritualism, so, we are thoroughly convinced, an unconscious moral feeling against *knowledge* leads to sympathy with much pagan ignorance and barbarism. Protestants find it difficult to divest themselves of the sentiment that matter is evil, and that therefore ‘more flesh’ is ‘more frailty,’ and many dissenters find it as difficult to conceive that what is added to the intellect is not taken from the heart, and that godly simplicity is not human stupidity. Hence a jealousy, strong in some quarters, of the efforts to improve and extend our collegiate course of training, among other reasons, because of the incompatibility of the end proposed with a fresh and fervid spirituality. Against this doctrine we have all along protested, nor are we prepared to write one word of recantation in reference to the papers which have from time to time appeared in this journal, expounding and enforcing the principles and details of a higher order of ministerial education. We know of no wisdom that is opposed to ‘the wisdom of God,’ and should as soon think of enmity between a sharp eye and a good digestion as between learning and holiness. But a man may be attending to his eye when he should be attending to his digestion, and so in studying men may neglect that better way of studying—praying.

Let us return. In order to estimate accurately the importance of great piety in the Christian ministry, it is needful to look carefully at its relations to the individual man and his official work. Its importance is generally conceded; it passes as a stock sentiment. No one denies, and for that reason few analyze it. So catholic an agreement prevents careful consideration, and the truth is as often concealed as revealed by its expression. Why should a minister of God be ‘a man of God?’ It requires a little reflection to detect the reasons, and much to obtain a full and solemnizing perception of them.

The *ultimate end* of the ministry can be realised so as to operate in its proper manner and degree only as the soul sees things which are invisible. That end is *the salvation of men*. All other ends are secondary and subservient. A man supremely devoted to this may engage in works that are not immediately, or in the

view of short-sighted persons, conducive to its attainment. He may do this to excite attention, remove prejudice, and gain power. He may do it on the ground on which eminent counsel is sometimes retained when not wanted, it being better to buy silence than encounter opposition; and he may do it on the higher ground of enlisting a powerful advocacy in favour of a good cause. A minister may thus cultivate acquaintance with general literature, and aid the progress of many social questions, not forgetting his higher aim, but remembering and pursuing it, and so much the more, and with larger ultimate recompense, because with more patience and comprehensiveness of toil. But he will still 'watch' supremely 'for souls.' No amount of mental culture, of social reformation, of even moral improvement, will satisfy his zeal. Regarding men as possessing spiritual powers, filling spiritual relations, and advancing to a spiritual destiny, and believing these views to be infinitely more important than all other views of them, and comprehensive of all, he will not estimate his work by any criterion that excludes, or that gives not prominence to, spiritual salvation. He seeks *them*, not *theirs*, and to 'win' them, to 'form Christ in them,' to 'beget them again by the gospel, to 'present them perfect in Christ Jesus' at last, will constitute a purpose of absorbing solicitude. The existence and operation of such a purpose will affect the ministry in an essential manner, often investing with attractiveness modes and scenes of labour otherwise repulsive. It will concentrate the energies upon the work, and augment their force. The power of a man is not to be judged by contemplating what he is, but by calling to mind the impulse under which his faculties are used; and the impression that is denied to unconnected and chance exertions, however strenuous and splendid they may be alone, is often given to much inferior exertions continuously, systematically, and perseveringly employed. There is literally more power expended in the unceasing application of a small mind than in the fitful and occasional performances of a gigantic intellect. And if an inferior minister, absorbed with the conviction that men are precious and that they are perishing, works with a single view to their redemption, 'gives himself wholly to this thing,' making all his acquirements, and circumstances, and plans, tell upon it, he will do more, and more effectually, than can be done by the decent regularity, or temporary excitements of one vastly superior to him in gifts and furniture. The vivid realization of men's spiritual destiny which we suppose, will find reasons for love and toil when all besides will see a justification or excuse for neglect and abandonment. The most ignorant are the choicest subjects to him whose passion it is to teach; the most depraved are just the objects to be preferred by

him who thirsts to make alive to God. Indolence, selfishness, worldliness, will gladly leave the post of arduous toil, 'the mind that was in Christ Jesus' will covet it. If human spirits be sought for their own sake, every sign of corruption, degradation, and danger, will be an argument for more strenuous pursuit. Preferment to a man who 'travails in birth' for them will be the sphere in which their destitution is the greatest. And to such an one there will be no satisfying limit of success. He will not ask how little may consist with a Divine commission, but how much may be attained by human instrumentality. It may be that his usefulness is quite an average, it may be that it is more, yet will he strive to reach a higher point of blessing, and deem his past achievements as both means and motives of a more abundant benediction. In labouring for this, recourse will of necessity be had to *aggressive* methods. The worldly must be attacked, the bold transgressor faithfully dealt with, the stupidly sinful energetically and tenderly entreated. This is the severe test of Christian solicitude and love. It is comparatively easy to meet the expectations and fulfil the wishes of those who are seeking to be saved, to teach such as are anxious to be instructed, to go when there is a welcome, to visit those who deem a visit an honour; it is comparatively easy to labour faithfully in the pulpit and the church, to travail in the beaten route of public and pastoral engagements, satisfying the ordinary demands of ordinary Christians; but to attempt something else and something more than this, to labour 'out of season' as well as 'in it,' to aim not only at keeping up a respectable religious establishment but at doing a great work for God, to come into personal contact with the severer and more disgusting forms of depravity, to render services that are not likely to be appreciated but are almost sure to be misunderstood, to endeavour to communicate knowledge to minds destitute of any desire for it, to encounter the sharp opposition and clever reasonings of the sceptical, to strive to quicken the most elementary love of moral excellence—in one word, to raise a standard solely by the help of truth, to exceed the rule of common ministerial labour, toil for souls that are unknown or avoided by the church, and in methods unknown or disapproved by the church, this can be the result of nothing but a *passion for human salvation*. And by what is such a passion to be excited and sustained? There is a perpetual tendency to lose sight of the individual and spiritual worth of men, to glide into modes of estimation which do not involve it, and the state of our own hearts and of the world, is such as powerfully to check the exercises of such love and pity towards them as may be in us. To maintain an habitual sense of their great capacity and destitution, and an habitual anxiety to work

out their good, it is needful, and indispensable, that the heart should live in the light of eternity, and of God. Zeal against sin will never be greater than personal holiness, and 'charity to the soul,' which 'is the soul of charity,' will abound only as the great Parent and Father of all charity is realized and enjoyed. Paul expounds the whole subject in one energetic sentence—'Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God: or whether we be sober it is for your cause: for the love of Christ constraineth us.'

A vital relation of great godliness to ministerial efficiency exists through the medium of *truth*. Let it be assumed that truth is the means by which men are invariably saved, which it may well be among us, and it becomes a matter of importance to know what is the best security for the full maintenance and energetic teaching of truth. There must be *faith*, that is indispensable; and we mean by faith not an exact and minute reflection of certain, or of any, dogmas, but a vivid, cordial, loving appreciation of the facts and principles which they embody. Without this, a ministry must be weak, heartless, vacillating, useless. The positive is the only source of power. Animal life is not upheld by the rejection of poisonous but the reception of wholesome food, and the heart derives all its virtue and all its strength from the presence and incorporation of spiritual realities. Doubt is almost as fatal as disbelief. It may be very fine to have the mind in a state of constant sublime scepticism, it may seem very modest to fear any fixed conclusions in so vast a mystery as that of the universe, it may appear very candid to refrain from adopting formal theories about any spiritual subjects, but one thing is certain, men cannot *work* in this way. Let the soul be tossed about on the ocean of moral uncertainties, let it have no definite and decided convictions, and one result will infallibly be—*that it will do nothing*. It was not by doubtful minds and doubtful ministries that the achievements of the gospel were made in times past, that paganism and popery have been effectually assailed. And if it be inquired—how may a staunch and settled confidence in truth, a seeing handling tasting of it be best secured, our answer is—*by a high degree of sanctity*. Learning, and hard thinking, let there be as much as possible of these; too much there cannot be. But we have no fear or shame in avowing our trust for orthodoxy to be in the obedience of the heart to God and Christ. We believe in the close sympathy between holiness and truth, in the living union of spiritual affections and spiritual perceptions, in the certainty that the doer of the will shall be the knower of the doctrine. There is a tendency in a right healthy moral state to find out and ally itself to objective truth. It will go in quest of it, be pre-disposed to its reception, and possess a blessed freedom from

blinding and perverting influences. It will have the latent light and heat of truth, and they will not long be without a visible form and manifestation. And is there no such thing as inspiration? May we make God's influence a matter of ancient history? Has he, who incessantly works in the material worlds, given up and abandoned human souls? Has he no 'secret' to give to them that fear him? no 'covenant' to make known to them? Does he not dwell and walk in his separated servants? And can there be a surer way to obtain his revelations than to live meekly, humbly, obediently, before him? There is a large class of minds whose continuance in the faith of the gospel can only be secured in the present day by a very decided and superior holiness. We have no enmity to philosophy, whence-soever it may come, nor to any fresh original and bold method of propounding its principles. It is high time that metaphysics and morals were more profoundly studied by Christian people, and especially by Christian ministers, than has been their wont. The fear of such study, as if it were inimical to the gospel, arises not from faith but unbelief. Faith may be the plea professed and felt, but it is a faith so ignorant narrow and erroneous that the divine system of Christianity is misapprehended and disowned by it. But it is impossible to conceal the fact that much philosophical teaching in our time is so mixed up with error and evil, it is allied to speculations of such a perilous tendency, and is so much in the hands of men who not indirectly make it tell against the doctrine of Jesus Christ, clothing it in charming dresses of thought and style, that not a few are in danger of losing the simplicity and firmness of their faith. They are not the profound, not the deeply versed in knowledge, but men of some intellectual smartness and more intellectual pride, ready and presumptuous, free yet making liberty itself a bondage, to whom may justly be addressed the taunt, 'Ye are the men, and wisdom shall die with you.' They are to purge the church of 'dead forms,' to strip the Christianity of its 'swaddling clothes,' to destroy the 'humbug' of formal believers. Antiquity is with some a sign of truth, with them it is a sign of error. Some have rejected all that is new, they reject all that is old. They speak of principles as of men, when full of years they ought to die. Instead of adjusting certain spiritual ideas to the requirements of the age, they mistake the form for the essence, and would dismiss them altogether. Here is a widely-prevailing mischief, and a mischief that may not be trifled with. We see in it an indication not of improvement, but of deterioration. Let it be that the modes of presenting Christianity to the world admit of, and require, revision; that what, in this respect, was good and forcible a century ago, is useless, and worse than useless, now;

that the terminology of ancient creeds and symbols is out of place at this time of day; and that a more generous and profound, and practical, and *real*, method of treating the science of religion is imperatively demanded by the age; still, why should the truths, the essential and vital elements of the gospel, be stale and weak and despicable? Assuming, as we must do in this paper, that they *are* truths, but one solution is available. They are dead because men's souls are dead. The disesteem avowed or concealed in which they are sometimes held comes simply of the loss of spiritual interest in them. It is not new doctrines that are needed; but new hearts. 'That which we have had from the beginning' may be as fresh and lively and unctuous as it ever was. The old meal is tasteful enough to the hungry, it is the diseased and overfed that crave a novelty. There is enough in the Christian ideas of God and Jesus, of man and sin, of redemption and the cross, of eternity and recompense, if they be held in light and righteousness, to fill and move and energize the most capacious, ponderous, and weakly, souls. But they must *be so held* to do this, and doing this, there will be little danger of wandering for stimulus or strength in ways forbidden, ancient truths, aye, and ancient forms too, becoming young through the presence of a youthful spirit. The wholesale dissatisfaction, in some minds, with what has been proved to be the power of God, the common talk against what is common, the cant about cant, are, in our view, the revelation of infirmity and morbidity, seeking to make changes do the work of conscience, believing in the efficacy of spiritual places to give spiritual power, and the only remedy we can look to is a fresh baptism of the eternal Spirit, the clothing and reanimating of skeleton truths, by his almighty power. Let there be a revival of heartfelt religion, and 'the mysteries of the kingdom,' as known and taught among us, will not be partially or entirely laid aside as worn out and obsolete, but more tenaciously and vigorously held and taught as the very 'life of God.' They will possess a 'glory that excelleth,' a perpetual youth, a 'power from on high.' Would a Whitefield or a Wesley, if raised to-day, not find them so? And they must possess this, not merely to secure their place as theological verities, as things of creed and formula, but that they may be dealt out with zest and force among the people. The peculiar sentiments of Christianity are not to be proclaimed with solemn decency, as being very respectable and venerable in character and standing, or in order to keep up a certain proportion and reputation of evangelical matter; they must not be inserted into discourses simply because they are expected to be, or even ought to be. If they be not used as the vitalities of religious instruction, the nutriment of spiritual life, the only

engine of truly divine success; if the proclamation of them do not come from the heart, be not made because it is loved to be made, because it is the natural voice and fruit of prime and prevailing affections; if the *minister* do not speak and urge them because the *man* 'lives by faith' of them, the preaching may savour much of Christ's doctrine, and yet accomplish little of Christ's will.

This leads to another important topic. The presence of an eminent spirituality gives great *power*—power over the minds and hearts of men. It is far from our intention, in saying this, to exclude the doctrine of a divine and immediate agency in every case of human salvation. That doctrine we admit in all its plainness and fulness, without qualification or restriction. But we have yet to learn that there are no laws according to which spiritual influence is exerted, or that those laws are less regular and uniform than those by which the agency of God in the material world is exercised. As it has been said that 'all discord' is 'harmony, not understood,' so we believe it may be said that much which passes under the name of 'sovereignty' in the moral administration of God, and especially in the operations by which he originates and carries on the individual salvation of men, is simple adherence to fixed and wisely-appointed rules. There is no disparagement of the grace and power of the Holy Spirit in believing that he works not arbitrarily and at random, but in conformity to certain principles whose fitness and excellence have commended themselves to his approval. Now it appears to us that *personal influence* is one of the most important modes of divine renewing agency. All revelation is personal. Moral principles are represented to us not as abstract things but as forming the character of the great God and Father, and evangelical truths are exhibited as having their existence in 'Christ our Gospel.' The wisdom of this method of manifestation may be discerned by any one that understands a little of the philosophy of his own nature. And the reasons of it are doubtless among the reasons wherefore it is ordained that 'holy men of God' alone should preach the gospel. Truths are very different things as they are exhibited through different personal media, and clothed with different personal attributes. Justice is never so august as when it breathes in the indignant reproofs of a soul of unbending integrity; love is never so persuasive as when a man 'divinely good' gives expression to its claims. When Paul 'set his eyes' on Elymas the sorcerer, we may well suppose 'the false prophet' received from that awful look of moral reprobation a pang more afflictive than the miracle that made him blind. 'There is a spirit in man,' and the spirit of one man has mysterious power over the spirits of other men, and if

it be thoroughly and transparently sincere, and full of faith, it attains the highest order of moral influence. Few men are without the means of testing the point. Every one feels very differently in the presence of an earnest believer and a mere formalist or cold sceptic. If a man come with his mind made up about a thing, if he take it for granted that he shall succeed, if no idea of aught else possess him, there is vastly more difficulty in refusing him than if he had come trembling and doubting, failure being less surprising than success, and his whole manner suggesting and almost asking for denial. And in cases where the object sought is one of moral excellence, and its claims are recognised, there is no comparison between the appeals of him all whose sympathies are evidently at one, and all in deep and energetic action, and of him who merely discharges a professional duty, or displays a decent amount of spiritual emotion. Herein lies the great superiority of a man to a book. The living spirit cannot be impressed upon the page, as it may be made vocal, visible, and palpable, in the speech, expression, and manner, of a human messenger of truth. And it is the living spirit that quickeneth. The heart communes with the heart. Sympathy is the law and mode of moral power. All engagements, all kinds of intercourse, all public movements, prove it. The courageous general electrifies his men, the enthusiastic teacher kindles a generous love of learning in his scholars, and on the *same principle*, though in a nobler state and mystery of operation, the impassioned preacher 'saves them that hear him.' In the life of Dr. Arnold we meet with this striking testimony from one who knew him well:—'The most remarkable thing which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle was, the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward.' This impression resulted from the spirit of reality that pervaded the minds in that establishment, and this spirit was sustained, as it had been generated, by the reality of his spirit who presided over it. It was not by arts and tricks, nor by spasmodic effects of zeal, nor by cold, severe, official authority, that Dr. Arnold changed the moral character of the great school committed to his charge, but by being what he taught, by showing faith that could not but be trusted, and kindness that could not but be loved, and honour that could not but be revered, and thus making moral excellence the growth of souls. And it is just thus that many men of parts not pre-eminent, of doctrines without novelty in nature or in mode, and destitute of the accidents of popular acceptance, command a strange influence over the minds of

others. The learned marvel because of their ignorance, the eloquent because they are rude, the original, because they are common-place, and they may all marvel while they look in these directions; the secret of their success is in the energy of a will instinct with divine life, and the penetrating quickening power of affections stimulated and sanctified by 'the things of God.' The effects produced are unquestionably and exclusively attributable to divine influence, as much so as were the physical miracles performed of old, and yet, as in the case of those, the mental condition of the instruments may be a matter of prime importance. Some men cannot produce them, because they have not 'faith;' and who can possess the faith, but they whose entire moral being is in close and habitual communion with the spirit of holiness, who walk in the light, and dwell in God?

There is but one other point to which we shall advert, viz., *ministerial example*. The power of example is too stale a topic to require any illustration or confirmation. Our object regards its connection with a particular function. Whatever truth or importance belongs to the general maxims respecting the influence of right conduct upon others, attaches with peculiar obviousness to those maxims, as applied to the subject in hand. The minister occupies a position more conspicuous than that of many, and the nature and design of his work are necessarily identified with moral considerations. His object being to *make men good*, there is a virtual challenge in every instance of its performance, to contemplate and criticise his own character. And men will not be backward to accept the challenge. The depravity which makes his work necessary, is too eager to find excuses for itself, and retorts for its reprovers, not to catch for these purposes at any inconsistencies in the preachers of righteousness. It may be true enough that a bad man may teach a good doctrine, and that, *if men were wise*, they would not injure themselves by rejecting the last for the sake of the first; but the question is one of *fact*, not of *right*; relates to what they do, and not to what they ought to do; and it is too plain for dispute, that the sins of ministers present a fatal stumbling-block in the way of many, and that their carelessness and worldly walk operate with disastrous efficacy as a hinderance to the elevated spirituality of many more. We by no means suggest that there are two standards of holiness, one for pastors, and another for people. But deviation from the one standard is attended with more, and more evil, consequences in the case of the former, than in that of the latter. It is a public fact. It has the miserable effect of the breaking down of a witness, or rather his giving evidence favourable to the other side. Nothing can exceed the necessity of a plain, prominent, incontrovertible uprightness, on the part of

ministers. The requirement of their case is not met by anything else. They are observed by too great a variety of minds, are exposed to too many and dissimilar perils, to be safe personally or officially without it. Their purity must be without a flaw, and without a doubt. Like Cæsar's wife, they must not be suspected. It is not sufficient that they can be vindicated; there must be no need of vindication. The materials of a full defence may be possessed, but there must be no occasion for a charge. Over and above the absence of any real ground of condemnation, there must be the impossibility of supposing one. Vindication cannot always be made, even where the matter is abundant, and at hand; and the existence of a charge, although disproved, leaves an impression which is not easily destroyed. But this is only one view of the subject. There may be such a character as cannot be impeached, and yet not such an one as subserves the highest ends of practical goodness. Truth, honesty, purity, gravity, and all other moral qualities, may be found in him who yet fails to attract attention and respect by the ethereal and high-toned nature of his excellence. And the attributes of Christian grace may be marked by no radical defect in him who leads not observers to witness of him that he is 'filled with the Spirit.' And if a minister, of whose essential piety there is no suspicion, still indicate that he has a very cordial love of this world's goods, a nice appreciation of physical dainties, a strong sense of personal dignity, an eager desire for the praise of men, it will detract amazingly from all his expositions, however luminous, and all his applications, however faithful, of the evil of covetousness, self-indulgence, pride, and vanity.

There is one bearing of a blameless character in the ministerial work, that deserves peculiar notice. Nothing weakens the heart more than a consciousness of insincerity. If there be a secret conviction of unsoundness as to the thing aimed at, of guilt in respect of the sin denounced, or neglect in respect of the duty commended, there is and must be failure in courage or in power, or both. 'No real greatness,' says Coleridge, 'can long co-exist with deceit. The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere, lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralysed.' This general doctrine is founded on a principle whose application to our present subject is clear and close. The duty of a faithful minister is not alone to teach the doctrine of good works, nor to specify the ways in which this doctrine is violated; he must also, in order to 'make full proof of his ministry,' come into personal collision with evil consciences. He is charged with the direct reproof of men. Private expostulation

is part of his official work. In the discipline of the church he must ever be a prominent agent. But with what amount of fidelity is he to be expected to discharge this painful responsibility, how almost morally impossible is it for him to attempt it, how plausible must excuses for its neglect appear in his view, and if he set himself to the task, how feebly and timidly must he accomplish it, if he possess not the testimony of his conscience that he is perfectly exempt from the faults it is his business to expose and reprobate, and if he be not free from every particle of fear lest in dealing with other's sins he provoke animadversion on his own defects? The bold and successful reprover of sin must have the full approval of his own mind. 'The snuffers of the sanctuary were of pure gold.' But this blamelessness of life, this entire and transparent holiness, is inseparable from deep-rooted godliness. It cannot be assumed; it grows out of the heart. Care and circumspection will fail, if they be alone. A man can be certain to practise all righteousness, to present a universal and habitual pattern to the church and the world, only as he is righteous, loves, delights in, gives himself to, God. It must be a natural habit, not a studied act.

We are fully aware that the question may, and will be put,—How are we to secure the sterling spiritual qualities on which you lay so great a stress? It is a momentous question, too momentous to be hastily dismissed. We can do no more than offer one or two suggestions in reply. Our first remark is, that the men must be possessed of them *before they are pledged or invited to the ministry at all*. We apprehend, that the design of colleges is grievously misunderstood, when they are considered as intended to supply any great defect in the spiritual principles of those who enter them. They may train and direct and enlighten the godliness of students, but, certainly, they cannot be expected to effect any peculiar augmentation of it, or, in a general way, to do more than keep it up, or at least, to secure its keeping pace with the other growths of the soul. So far from it, we are inclined to think that the course of study which is prosecuted in them, may easily be allowed to check the advancement of the higher religious powers. It involves processes which eminent religion is required to pass through without injury. The straining of the mind, the constant familiarity with the mere secularities of knowledge, the habitual treatment of sacred things as matters of grammar, and criticism, and composition, and eloquence, are liable to blunt the edge and dull the polish of heart-piety, and must do so, unless there be a more than common unity and steadfastness of purpose to 'grow in grace.' There may be exceptions in this as there are in all things, but it would be a folly condemned by all past

experience, and all philosophy, to anticipate from a collegiate career the removal of any previous defects in the faith and the fervour of those who have to pass through it. The right men must be, and be seen to be, the right men, *before they enter upon that career*. We speak not without a full perception of our own meaning, and a perfect readiness to maintain it, when we say that the rule in God's church is, that the commencement of the religious course shall ascertain its conduct. Whatever examples may exist to the contrary, men are at the beginning of their Christian history what they are through it. The seed-time decides the harvest. If there be faint convictions of truth, weak affections towards it, doubtful consecration to it, in the season of conversion, and early spiritual life, if there be nothing clear marked and noticeable about the first operations of divine influence, we do not deem it safe to entertain any sanguine expectation that future years will witness great excellencing. The weakly infant may possibly turn out a mighty man, but it would be absurd to dedicate him, while a weakly infant, to a work which only a mighty man is fit for. The indispensable qualifications for candidateship for the ministry of souls is, in our view, such a power and painfulness of zeal for God and men, as would not allow the possessor to be happy or easy unless 'separated,' in some way of special directness, 'unto the Gospel of Christ.' We eschew the cant that has often been expressed by 'a call to the ministry,' but we believe in, and honour the truth which it may stand for. A call there is, or ought to be. To enter the greatest of all offices without 'a call' is presumptuous absurdity. That call is not outward election, not signs of circumstances, not merely mental impressions, but essentially, and above all, such a vehement anxiety to 'serve God in the Gospel of his Son,' such a sense of the goodness and glory of this service, and such a fulness of purpose to do this 'one thing,' as must leave the heart sorrowful and sick, unless the service be allowed. The ministry must not be a dubious preference, something on the whole better than something, or than anything, else, but the engagement which alone meets the master-craving of the mind. He only will do much in it, who could do nothing out of it; who feels that it is not an office selected, so much as an office imposed; not a matter for decision, but of destiny; not what he may properly accept, but what he dare not possibly refuse; that 'necessity is laid upon him, yea, woe be unto him if he preach not the gospel.' And if there be this state of mind, admission into a college will not be a necessary condition of labouring in the gospel. The working out of the desire and determination of the mind will not depend on the approval of men. The spirit within will shape itself into

appropriate and beneficial services, whatever the estimate and verdict of others. The way will be formed for the will. Systems and functionaries may forbid a particular mode of entrance into the work, may impede a particular line of progress in it, but they 'have nothing more that they can do. They cannot, and were never meant to, prevent the utterance, and effectual utterance, of those who can say, 'We believe, and therefore speak.' The greatest men in God's church have often been raised up beside, and independently of, existing institutions. Melchizedek, the Prophets, Paul, and multitudes since, owed little to the ordinary and regular provisions of the church; and they who come 'in their spirit and power' may yet find that where there is life, opportunity of labour will not be withheld. But how is the existence of life to be ascertained? There is but one way—the *marking what men are as private Christians*. If in that capacity they be merely respectable saints, maintaining only a common character of holiness and zeal, doing no more than others, filling no peculiar positions, and producing no peculiar impression; if there be no reason to suppose that *out of the ministry* they would stand apart as distinguished by devotedness, and spiritual power; if the strong probability be that their official distinction will be their only distinction; then we say, that it is a hazardous thing to invite or encourage them to become ministers of Christ.

'But if only such men can be found—what then?' The plainest of all things—do without them. There is no obligation anywhere to maintain an inefficient, and especially a spiritually inefficient, ministry. The ends of God are not answered in filling so many pulpits, and sustaining so many churches. Numbers have no mystic virtue here. Ministers are to be weighed, not counted. We are persuaded that the best policy, as well as the best principle, is to let the truth of things come out. To patch up institutions, to paint sepulchres, to cover a certain amount of surface, to uphold a certain amount of machinery, is worse than useless. Speaking literally, there are just as many ministers as there are right ministers—no more: speaking practically, there are not so many, if there be more. Men who are wanting in the sterling qualities of able ministers of the New Testament—who make no impression on the world—whose official position is kept up chiefly by successive expedients—who are more indebted for it to the backing of brethren than their own power—who are as often thinking of removing from, as of remaining in, stations—men of this kind are doubtless of no value to any denomination. They may reckon in a manual or a register, but they reckon not otherwise, 'true zeros, nothing in themselves, but much in sequence.' And something

has to be deducted on their account from other men's labours, before the true worth and weight of a ministry can be appreciated. We say then that if the point were, which we do not believe it is, that if the ordinary kind of ministers are not received into our colleges and churches, there must be none received at all, there is nothing in the conclusion to alarm or distress us. Be this as it may, the question we put to the congregations of non-conformists is this, Shall there be a ministry among us, having 'the spirit of power'?

We shall perhaps return to the subject of the ministry, ere long.

Art. III. *Pericles. A Tale of Athens in the 83rd Olympiad.* By the Author of a Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy. In two vols. Longman & Co., London, 1846.

THE vapid novels or romances which forty years ago alone supplied the English demand for works of fiction, have been gradually supplanted by a species of writing, neither foreseen nor wished for: without which, however, neither the disdain of the learned, nor the frowns of the good, would probably have been able to extirpate those evil weeds of literature. The happy change is mainly due to the imaginative genius and lore of Sir Walter Scott, whose instinct led him to the same practical maxim as had been elicited by the profound analysis of Aristotle two thousand years before;—*Poetry is more philosophical than History.* The Greeks indeed had not as yet produced prose works of fiction, unless the dialogues of Plato are to be so reckoned; otherwise instead of *Poetry*, the illustrious father of criticism would doubtless have used the larger term *Fiction*, which would be fully justified by his argument. We must not be understood to mean that history is *not* philosophical. But the instruction which it yields depends very much on the materials themselves; and, even with the same historian, one century or one nation is very far from being equally fruitful of wisdom to the reader of its history, as another. Its proper business is with *details*, and in this respect it rather furnishes the raw materials of science, than becomes a science itself; and a history is philosophic, when its materials are so disposed as to aid the reader in generalizing concerning politics or morals, though neither of these sciences can be treated as such by the historian. A work of fiction on the contrary is plastic to the hand of genius, and should exhibit, not what actually was, nor

barely what possibly may have been, but that which gives a vivid picture of the times ; being a more brilliant assemblage of countless rays under one focus, than can anywhere be hoped for in the dim and fragmentary records of past times. In no other way can deep impressions of reality be so effectually given, unless by rare good fortune we possess some minute contemporary or personal biography : and even then, the writer is always apt to omit, as known, the very details which, to a foreign reader or after a long lapse of time, are needed to fill up the scene. History itself, as written by a contemporary, may even mislead one who is unaware of customs and manners assumed by the historian as familiar to his readers : hence to assist the knowledge of ancient time, special books on *Antiquities* are diligently compiled, in which everything of the kind is registered. We do not undervalue these aids to students ; and used as books of reference, they are as needful in their way as dictionaries. But as no one will improve by reading his dictionary straight through, so, we fear, it is a hopeless thing to learn *Antiquities* by single study of the books which profess to treat of them. Unless the imagination or affections be stimulated, the memory cannot retain what is poured in so profusely upon it ; or even if it could, it would be dry and barren. But when the information is interwoven with a pleasant tale, it can be imbibed with delight even by the young and previously unlearned.

Such considerations had pressed themselves on the mind of the Abbé Barthelemi in the last century, and issued in the production of his very elaborate work, entitled *Anacharsis the Younger in Greece* ; on which he had been occupied thirty years. On the score of erudition, nothing is to be said against this arduous and able book ; but we believe a sentence has long since past against it, that it is wanting in interest, as well as in dramatic and narrative skill. The qualities needed in a writer of such a work are very numerous. He should have the imagination and pictorial power of a poet, with the accuracy of a man of learning ; the freedom of genius, with a power of curbing it at will. If, over and above, he selects for his leading characters names well known in history, he gains thereby some great advantages in the interest attached to his story, but involves himself in one more danger,—that of corrupting the truth of history for the sake of his tale : in fact,—unless the events themselves are so stirring or so remarkable as to give full interest to the narrative, independently of all doubtful questions,—he can scarcely hope to reconcile the conflicting demands of history and fiction.

In such difficulties, to a certain extent, the author before us

has entangled himself, by his deliberate purpose to make his work at once, (what it is,) a beautiful and bewitching narrative, and a historical justification of the great PERICLES. His notes, as well as preface, show him to be anxiously striving to introduce nothing with the air of history which is not at least probably true: for which reason, before concluding our notice, we shall add some remarks on the extent to which he seems to us to have succeeded or failed in his aim. At present we address ourselves to the tale as it stands.

In the year 445, before the Christian era, the Athenians had narrowly escaped from a dangerous combination of circumstances. They had extended their empire over a far greater surface of Greece than they were able to hold. Bœotia and Phocis had just thrown off the yoke, and defeated, with great loss, an Athenian army, which marched against them. Eubœa revolted, and when Pericles crossed over thither with a large force, a Spartan army invaded Attica, and threatened Athens herself. From these pressing dangers Pericles extricated her, by a bribe of ten talents to the Spartan general Cleandridas, who commanded for the young king* Pleistoanax, then a mere boy; upon which, to the agreeable surprise of the Athenians, the Spartans withdrew after a few trivial and sham attacks. This left Pericles free to reconquer Eubœa, and then conclude an honourable peace, called the thirty years truce. Such is the crisis of affairs with which the *Tale of Athens*, opens. At this time Pericles, as of high aristocratic birth, yet head of the democratic party, is the most influential individual in the state; but he has to struggle against the jealousy of the older aristocrats, men of no talent, attached to old things because they are old, and against the enmity of the younger nobles, among whom a profligacy of the deepest dye is making fearful inroads. They receive aid from the wealth and impudence of newly-risen commoners, who have no other bond to the nobility than a common opposition to Pericles; of these men the most signal is Cleon, son of Cleænetus, a tanner, a man of ready eloquence, long purse,† and disgusting vices. This harmonious opposition select as a butt of attack peculiarly galling to Pericles, the professors of the *new philosophy* then rising in Athens, with whom Pericles has become united in most intimate friendship, and from whom he had imbibed much of the virtue and nobleness which still makes his name stand out in proud preeminence.

* The author has twice (by error of memory?) written Leotychides for Pleistoanax.

† The author talks freely of 'purses of gold:' can this be correct? Gold coins, we apprehend, were too scarce to be current for common purposes.

On this band of philosophers, shall we say, or saints and martyrs? the whole interest of the tale turns. Their leader is the old Anaxagoras, the apostle of his age, and true founder of whatever was holy and lovely, and of much that was scientifically true, in Athenian philosophy. Born at Clazomenæ, and heir to an ample patrimony, he felt himself called to higher service than that of administering wealth, and voluntarily abandoned it to his relations, directing his steps to Athens, as the centre of Grecian influence. Here he commenced lecturing publicly to all who would attend him, and, first among the Greeks, expounded the great doctrine, that the Gods were not (as the common mythology taught) the giant first-born children of nature, nor was this universe made by chance or self-causation; but that all was moulded under the direction of a single presiding* MIND, which alone is God, and that he is neither in shape nor in nature like ourselves. This doctrine, in connexion with expositions of natural philosophy and mathematics, had been taught so long and perseveringly, yet with little public notice, as already to have produced a sensible effect. The sage lived on voluntary gifts from his disciples, and though often in great penury (once, it is said, at the point of starvation), had made no change in his method; poor, therefore, as well as rich, were occasionally found among his hearers. One of them was a young man, who lived by the trade of stonemason, Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, whom the discourses of Anaxagoras so fascinated, that he abandoned his workshop for philosophy, and, for a scanty remuneration, performed a duty abandoned in Athens to slaves—that of tutor to a little boy. Another eminent disciple of the Clazomenian philosopher was Euripides, son of Mnecarchus, already at this time a man of middle age, who, after studying painting and rhetoric, finally chose, as the business of his long remaining life, the tragic drama, with the express object of inculcating the moral and spiritual views of Anaxagoras, and of undermining the popular mythology when it became dangerous to attack it directly. A more interesting pupil still was the beautiful, eloquent, and ardent Aspasia, a native of Miletus; who, scorning the trammels which Athenian customs had imposed on women, eagerly sought after truth in the lecture room of Anaxagoras; and becoming, in turn, herself a teacher, at the early age of five-and-twenty, discoursed of sublime truths not only to such young ladies as Athenian parents would entrust to her, but also before warriors, statesmen, and young men, if curiosity or interest induced them to

* The graceless wits of Athens, it appears from Plutarch, nicknamed Anaxagoras, *νοῦς*.

seek opportunities of hearing her. Her youthful zeal overleapt the limits of discretion which the cautious age of Anaxagoras imposed on itself; and refrained not from direct and vehement expressions of disgust at the impure exhibitions and ceremonies which at Athens passed for religion; in which, moreover, the young women were expected to walk with demure and downcast eyes, listening to the insults of wanton youths, who affected to be 'possessed by Bacchus.' The restraints put upon her sex she boldly assailed as ruinous to public morals; since, by degrading the female intellect, it disgusted the men with their wives (who were married to them without any other previous knowledge than a glimpse of their faces in some holy procession), and thus drew after it evils too dreadful for the female tongue to state. So great was the eloquence, and so bewitching were the powers of this extraordinary woman, that the universal opinion of antiquity ascribed to her tuition the refined perfection which the oratory of Pericles—a man her senior by fifteen or twenty years—finally attained.*

The poorer Athenians felt the loss of the open table, which the wealthy Cimon used to keep; for Cimon had been dead four years, and Pericles was too poor to rival him. It was easy, then, for the aristocratical faction to alarm them by reports that the philosophers were aiming to put down the sacrifices to the gods, from which the indigent obtained doles of meat, highly relished on a holyday. Pericles, moreover, through disgust at the impurity of the comedies—even before the comedians had begun to attack him with intolerable ribaldry—systematically (it would seem) absented himself from such representations. It is further handed down, that his deportment, as that of Anaxagoras and Euripides, was habitually grave and serious; and it was easy to represent the whole set as bent on abolishing the comedies, and every thing in which the jollity of life consisted. The comedians joined the coalition against the philosophers, and Hermippus in particular, though not alone, acted the part of slanderer against them, as effectually as Aristophanes a little later. When the public mind had been thus worked up, Dioppeithes succeeded in carrying a law 'for the better observance of the national religion, and keeping up the sacrifices†;' which, under

* The only credible interpretation of this, is, that Pericles had previously been a prosaic man of the world; but that the enthusiasm of Aspasia opened new sluices in his heart, developed his moral sentiments and imaginative powers, and thereby affected his very style of eloquence.

† The words of the decree, as given by Plutarch (Pericles, ch. 32), are, 'That whoever do not *believe in the divinities*, [or, things divine? τὰ θεῖα] or who teach *concerning sublime matters* [μεταρσιων] shall be capitally impeached.'

this pretence, brought under question of his life any one who should be found guilty of disbelief in the gods of the Pantheon. (This law, in the author's judgment, proved the ruin of philosophy in Athens, by forcing all moral teachers into hypocrisy, or silencing and expelling those who could not submit to it.) Anaxagoras was impeached by it, and, of necessity, condemned; for it could not be questioned that he had 'taught concerning sublime matters,' which was treasonable by the law; but after condemnation, his mild behaviour, and the influence of Pericles, easily gained a softening of the sentence into exile.*

Another blow was given against Pericles through his friend, the great sculptor Pheidias. There is nothing to show that *he* sympathized with the unbelief of the philosophers, farther than the fact that he (like Socrates) was a *godbui'der*; but it is by no means probable that the crowd discerned how hard it was for such a one to revere the works of his own hands. By suborning perjury of one of the workmen, Pheidias was accused of embezzling the gold placed on the statue of Minerva: and although he easily parried the attack by taking the gold off, and weighing it, he was condemned to imprisonment for the secondary charge of having placed on the shield of the goddess, figures resembling that of Pericles and his own: moreover, as a reward to the perjured informer, the people (says Plutarch) voted him exemption from taxes, and commended his person to the special care of the generals! Since at this very moment Pericles was highly popular, it is evident that such votes must have been carried by the coalition, through artful management and 'packing' of the assembly; and this was by far the worst point in the little democracies of antiquity, that they gave so large room for oligarchical intrigue, which accomplished atrocious crimes under the colours of wildest liberty. Pheidias, while in prison, had new slanders thrown on him, more directly affecting Pericles. It was alleged, that he had made his house a place of accommodation for gratifying the sensual appetites of Pericles, and received, by way of payment, the many good 'jobs' which Pericles found for him. The Athenians appear to have enjoyed the most unbridled and disgusting slander against great men, even when it was too absurd to believe: and, perhaps, *because* they counted it mere fun and nonsense, they felt no scruple in encouraging it without limit. But it is impossible for

* This would probably have been the case with Socrates many years later, had he not, by his harsh defiance of the jury, and proud demand that they would reward, not punish him, exasperated them into a conviction, that he was an incurable enemy of popular government, and that he had trained up Alcibiades, with Critias, and others of the aristocracy, to the despotic sentiments from which Athens had so bitterly suffered.

this to go on for months and years without a strong impression being produced, and men at last begin to believe the echo of their own lie.

Pheidias (according to the account followed by our author) was poisoned in prison by the machinations of his enemies; as Ephialtes, another intimate friend of Pericles, had been assassinated by them. They proceeded to impeach Pericles himself for the ten talents missing in the public accounts, with which he had bribed the Spartan general. He had exhibited it under the heading: 'Money well laid out;' and stiffly refused all explanation. But as Athenian acuteness perfectly understood what influences could alone have made a Spartan army so retire, the accusers wholly failed of their aim; and, as a last blow, they attacked Aspasia, for a double crime:—impiety, which could easily be fastened upon her,—and, (what shows their confidence that some of the mud thrown by the comedians had stuck,) on the charge that she, like Pheidias, had made her house a receptacle of harlot *free* women as a convenience to Pericles! This was the crisis of Pericles's fortune. He determined to defend Aspasia himself, but was so unnerved by the full perception that her legal guilt (as regards *impiety*) was clear, that he could plead with nothing but tears: and his judges were so moved, as at once to decree that she was innocent, although (unawares) breaking their juror's oath by so doing. His enemies had now shot their last bolt: his leading opponent, Thucydides, son of Melesias, the most respectable man among them, was ostracized, or banished for ten years, and the rest shrunk into insignificance. Having divorced, by mutual agreement, a rich wife who had long been a torment to him, he married his beloved Aspasia, and lived with her in uninterrupted harmony and singular warmth of mutual affection to the day of his death; enjoying her counsels on all affairs of moment, abstaining from every kind of public or private festivity, and finding within the walls of his own happy home a relaxation and an enjoyment which nothing else could give. Thus a woman of Miletus, neither rich nor noble, whose fame had been aspersed by the foulest imputations,—and to whom, as not being an Athenian citizen, the Attic law refused the appellation of *wife*,—filled the soul of the great Pericles, and would have taught Athenian matrons, could they have understood, what a wife and mother ought to be. Such are the materials for the fascinating book now before us. The author has interwoven several fictitious characters with much skill: of whom the most interesting are,—the young pupils of Aspasia; Glycera the beautiful luteplayer, who becomes miserable in a life of Athenian dissipation and is converted (to borrow a Chris-

tian term) by a discourse from Anaxagoras; Leostratos, a rough veteran of the school of Cimon; and Glaucon, a young nobleman, of much wit and good temper, who has sided with his own order, but refuses to be dragged through the mire by them and by Cleon. It is high time, however, to exhibit by quotations the author's style of description and dramatic method. We begin with a conversation of Socrates with a fuller, Philoxenos.

“And so thou hast shut up thy shop and put on the philosopher's gown, Socrates! I fear thou hast made but a bad exchange, though indeed I have been told that thou hast the charge of the noble Criton's young son, and if so, it might not be so bad a thing. But I cannot fancy that.”

“Why not?” asked the young sculptor.

“Because the child is a mere baby, and wants a nurse rather than a tutor.”

“But when thou wouldest train a dog, Philoxenos, dost thou not begin with him while he is a puppy?”

“Yes, but children are not puppies. Who ever thinks of worrying a baby with learning? What can be taught to a child only just out of his nurse's arms?”

“Truly, Philoxenos, I must think about what thou art saying; for if this be so, I ought not to let Criton deceive himself, and fancy that I can do anything towards the education of his son. Thou shouldest be a judge, too, in this matter, for thou also hast a son. How does he get on?”

“Oh, bravely, bravely. Thou wouldest laugh to see how gravely he sets about to clean the spots out of his little tunic, and then goes to his mother to be paid for it: he knows the price, too, as well as I do; and if she does not give him the money he asks, he threatens, and swears, and calls all the gods to witness, just as I should do myself if I got a bad customer. Ha! ha! ha! It was but yesterday that I heard him threaten to take her before the Thesmothetai for refusing him his due.”

“And where did he learn all this?”

“Oh, he has heard me say so: he is always about in the shop with me. I like him to see how things are managed, because, by and by, I hope he will be able to carry on the business, and take some of the weight off my shoulders when I grow old.”

“But why shouldest thou trouble thyself with him? Why not leave him to the Carian yonder to be taught what is needful?”

“Why! thou dost not surely imagine that yonder fellow, whom I bought only a year or two ago, a grown man, has learned already to understand my business! He is a good fellow enough, but stupid and untaught.”

“Then thou thinkest that thy child will learn something of the business by being constantly with thee, and seeing thy mode of carrying it on?”

‘ ‘ Certainly ; that was the way that I learned it of my father ; and he will do as I did, I doubt not.’

‘ ‘ I think then that I may set my mind at rest about Criton’s plans.’

‘ ‘ Why so ? What has that to do with my business ?’

‘ ‘ Hast thou not told me that the way to make a child expert in any business is to bring him up among those who understand it well ?’

‘ ‘ Yes, but what then ?’

‘ ‘ Why, Criton’s business is that of a statesman and a warrior, and he wishes his son to be brought up in habits which shall fit him for succeeding to his father in his employments. If a child learns to speak of a Phrygian slave, how can it be expected that he will express himself correctly ?’

‘ ‘ Truly, I did not think of that.’

‘ ‘ And hast thou not generally perceived that those unfortunate people who have been reduced by fortune to but one degree above beasts of burthen, acquire ill-habits from their mode of life ? that fear makes them liars, and that hardships and the want of higher aims make them gluttonous and selfish ?’

‘ ‘ Yes, certainly.’

‘ ‘ Then if children are so quick in catching up all they hear and see, is there not danger that if they are placed in a nursery among persons whose language is barbarous, and whose manners are brutal and selfish, they will become assimilated to the people they live among ?’

‘ ‘ I suppose there is, but yet every body does so.’

‘ ‘ And, perhaps, that is the reason why there are so few fine speakers among us, and so many, whose licentious manners are a reproach to the country. Criton probably thinks so, and wishes his child’s first words to be pure Attic, and his first sentiments those of a generous and free spirit.’

‘ ‘ Truly, Socrates, thou hast a clever way of putting things—now I had never thought of all this.’

‘ ‘ Nay, but thou hadst thought of it ; for instead of setting thy slave to teach thy son, thou hast taught him thyself. Thank the gods that they did not give thee wealth enough to ruin thy child by aping the bad customs of the rich.’ ’—vol. i. pp. 70—73.

The outrageous insolence and wickedness of the young aristocracy* are painted by him in colours as dark—and, alas ! as true—as the ignorance, selfishness, and levity of the populace. An affecting story is ingeniously founded on a statement of a comic writer, that the rage of the Athenians against Megara was caused by the Megarensians having carried off ‘ two harlot-girls of Aspasia.’ He interprets it as follows. ‘ A young noble-

* When he represents the more moderate of the nobles rallying round Pericles, in the attack made on Aspasia—a well-conceived and better executed idea—we miss the name of Nicias, or of his father Niceratus, who must have been by far the most influential of this small party.

man, named Glycon, pulled off the veils of two of Aspasia's pupils, when they were walking with her in the street: upon which Aspasia ordered the slaves in attendance to beat Glycon; a result which was prevented only by the interference of Pheidias, who himself became entangled in quarrel with Glycon by the haughty refusal of the latter to make any other apology than that of casting on the ladies epithets of ribaldry. Glycon, in revenge for the threat of beating him, incites a Megarian slavedealer to carry off the two young ladies and sell them for slaves in Asia; having laid a plot for enticing them to the coast to see some parrots, and authorized the slaver to carry off also Glycon's own slave—the go-between of the affair—on whose person a sum of money is to be found. The plot is accomplished, too successfully. Two Attic triremes are sent in pursuit, as soon as the discovery is made; but night comes on before they can overtake the slave ship, which then escapes by changing its course. The young girls, Lydè and Aretè, daughters of honourable Athenian families, on understanding their dreadful situation, choose to die rather than to live. The slave-dealer, wishing to keep them in good spirits, takes off their chains, and tells them that they are to become queens of Persian satraps; so fancying that he has softened them, he at length leaves them to repose.

'The first dawn was just beginning to colour the eastern sky when the cessation of the plash of the oars told the young girls that the moment they had been watching for had arrived. They looked round; the captain was lying wrapped in his mantle on the deck in a profound sleep; even the helmsman was nodding at his post: all was yet dark, and they crept silently from their coverings towards the ship's side: with noiseless steps they glided towards the prow, and then pausing for an instant, Lydè pressed her lips on the forehead of the fair child, and bound her robes tightly round her, taking the same precaution herself. 'Now, Areté,' whispered she—'a firm step, and a spring without faltering, and we are free—free as Athenian maidens should be: give me thy hand,' and she bound their two wrists together with the chain; then holding by a rope, they mounted the most projecting part.

'Now, dearest, art thou ready?'

'Areté pressed her hand—it was her answer: the slumbering rowers heard a plash in the waves, which broke their rest for an instant, and the helmsman roused himself; but all was silent again, and they sank back into heavy sleep: the bark drifted on.

'That evening some fishermen cast their drag near the shore, beside the promontory of Sunium; and when with difficulty they had drawn it in, were astonished at finding the bodies of two young girls entangled in the net; their hands bound together by a golden chain; their fingers interclasped even in death. The dress and

ornaments spoke them to be Athenians of rank ; and the poor men were yet in consultation what was to be done, when a galley, apparently of Athenian build, hove in sight. They immediately made signals as well as they were able, and two of them, jumping into another skiff, rowed off towards the vessel which had seen their signals, and was now making for the shore. It was one of those which had been sent from Peiræus the evening before, and was that in which Pylilampes himself had embarked, and resolutely pursued his course even when his companion galley had returned homewards after their ineffectual inspection of the Megarean ports.

'The fishermen's tale was soon told ; and Pylilampes, almost convinced that he should there find the fatal termination of his quest, threw himself at once into the skiff, and bade them carry him to the spot. There, on the shore, lay the two fair girls, so gently composed, that but for the ashy paleness of death they might have been thought asleep : the right arm of Lydé was still firmly clasped round the waist of Areté ; the arm of Areté was round the neck of Lydé : their decently-composed dress, their hair still braided and bound with the golden fillets which they had worn the evening before ; the gold chain still twisted round their small wrists ; all told of a resolutely prepared and peaceful death ; there had evidently not been one struggle for life. Pylilampes bent over them :—the dress, the features, were not to be mistaken, and his quest was over. Many a time had he seen death in the field or on the waves—but thus bereft of all its proud circumstances, with only its sad silence—its marble beauty—he had not seen it ; and the warrior of many a battle bowed his head, and wept over the fair flowers that lay cropped at his feet.' —ib. pp. 161—163.

We regret that it is impossible to do more than select partial extracts, which, however beautiful, do the author injustice when thus dislocated. In the episode from which we have quoted, it may be seen how much secondary information is imparted unostentatiously. The reader sees, without its being named, what cruel feuds, in that little world, might grow up between states, in consequence of acts committed by individual citizens, in which none but themselves were guilty : also, how dreadfully the slave-trade facilitated every species of crime, to the misery of the free population. On the state of slavery also the author has just and pointed remarks, for which we cannot make room ; to the effect, that most slaves were glad to be engaged by their masters in a scandalous intrigue, because it generally secured good treatment to them, else the master might chance to be betrayed in a moment of passion. On the other hand, as slaves were never examined by the magistrate without torture, the master had not the least fear that bribes, or any calculations of interest, would lead his slaves to treachery.

Without any direct allusion to questions of modern contro-

versy, the author imparts principles of deepest universal importance, concerning freedom of thought, uprightness and straightforwardness, and the evils of mere party. The chapter entitled a *Practical Man*, in which a certain Cleobulus maintains the desirableness of upholding the religion of Athens as it is, although he does not believe it, is excellent; both as exhibiting the almost universal sentiment of antiquity, and exposing a domineering mischief of later times. We can only extract the following:—

‘ ‘But we began by talking of *belief*,’ said Charmides, smiling: ‘it now appears that thou dost not believe any more than Anaxagoras does of the fables told regarding the gods. Why should he be blamed for avowing the same thing that thou thyself dost?’

‘ ‘Because he does not, like me, speak it merely among persons capable of understanding it. He teaches the same thing to all; and by thus weakening the faith of the people in the superstitions, if thou wilt have it so, upon whose sanction our government depends, he hazards the upsetting of the good order of the state. This is the point which I wish to ascertain; for if he confines his teaching merely to his pupils, as other philosophers have done, I do not object to his leading them as far as he pleases; but if he spreads his doctrines among the lower sort, I think it will be attended with danger, whether they be true or not: perhaps their very truth renders the risk the greater, for they will be the more readily impressed on men’s minds. But of this, observe that I speak only hypothetically, for I am not yet convinced that his views are true: I have not had time to examine them sufficiently.’

‘ ‘And if, on examination, thou shouldst find them to be true, wouldest thou then oppose the making them public?’

‘ ‘Certainly: I have already said that their very truth would increase the hazard. Men’s minds would be set afloat after they know not what—and the spirit of change once infused, who can tell where it would stop? Even our slaves might become infected, and begin to talk about the common rights of our nature, if you once persuade them that all men have in them an immortal and divine essence which is individually distinct.’

‘ ‘They might, certainly,’ said Charmides, musing: ‘it was a danger I had not thought of;—and yet,’ added he, with the warmth of a young and ingenuous mind, ‘if they have a common origin, they have those rights.’

‘ ‘Undoubtedly they *had*,’ replied Cleobulus, with the confident and patronising air of a man who, in mercy to a discomfited opponent, will not push his advantages too far: ‘undoubtedly they *had*; but when they bartered away freedom for life, it was their own choice to do so, therefore they have voluntarily abandoned those rights, and have received payment in the maintenance afforded them. But should these new doctrines inflame their minds with the notion that a change in the state of things might cancel their original compact,

and give them a chance of recovering their former rights, what would become of all property? The free citizens are not more than in the proportion of one to four, at the utmost: how could we maintain our position amid so fearful a struggle? Thou seest, my young friend, that the question is a more perplexed one than thou hadst imagined, and it is better to bear a little wrong, whose extent we know, than to run after novelties which may produce much greater evils.'

'Charmides was silent: he thought of the various manual labours executed by slaves; figured to himself the loss and inconvenience which a servile insurrection might cause, and began to think that the philosopher might perhaps be imprudent in his too hasty endeavours for the amelioration of mankind.'—ib. pp. 180—182.

'Whither away, Charmides?' said Aripbron: 'what problem hast thou in thy head that puzzles thee? for thou lookest not a little grave and perplexed.'

'We are going to hear Anaxagoras,' replied the son of Pheidias: 'and Cleobulus here has been making so many objections to his plan of teaching the truth publicly, that he has almost staggered me: come with us, and tell us what you think.'

'Willingly; for in fact that was our intention even before we overtook you. We were both so disgusted at Hermippos's supper party the other night, that we determined to make a trial of philosophy, and see whether it would afford us a little better amusement; so Ariston and I were on our way to enrol ourselves among the pupils of Anaxagoras, and perhaps also of Aspasia, for we are curious to hear her.'

'I do not like this plan of suffering females to appear in public on ordinary occasions,' said Cleobulus: 'without arguing the question in a moral point of view—for I leave those considerations to those whose especial profession it is—as a statesman I object to it. You see what has been the consequence: women are physically too feeble to protect themselves: they are exposed to outrage as soon as they enter into the haunts of men, and then the state is entangled in quarrels, as is the case now with regard to Megara. To maintain our honour we are obliged to take strong measures, and probably a fresh war may be the consequence of the disregard of wholesome customs by two young girls. I do not complain of these things as in themselves wrong—probably no action is in itself either right or wrong; but I complain of the want of judgment which has attempted changes before society was prepared for them.'

'Charmides was again perplexed: he could easily have distinguished the right from the wrong, but this appeal to expediency embarrassed him, and the tone of candour, accompanied by a grave conviction of the force of his own arguments, which distinguished Cleobulus's conversation, made him distrust himself, and made him long for some one to aid him in answering pleas which he *felt* but could not *prove* to be futile.'

'I do not know any more dangerous person,' continued Cle-

obulus, in the same tone of perfect conviction, 'than this kind of speculatist: without any of the practical knowledge which would enable him to correct his views, he pursues some wild theory which sounds plausible, and entangles himself and his followers in inextricable difficulties before he is aware of it. They are forced then to recur to practical men; but it is generally too late to remedy the evil entirely.'—*ib.* pp. 183—185.

From the conclusion, we extract one more illustration of the author's sentiments:—

'It was not long after this that the streets of Athens saw a very different scene, as a gay party, with dance and song, conducted Aspasia as a bride to the house of her illustrious husband; and at long tables spread in the Agora, the armourers with Metrodoros at their head, mingled with the other heliastai, sat as guests at the feast which celebrated the nuptials of the loveliest woman and greatest man of the age, till shout and song broke the silence of the night long after the usual hour for repose.

'Never was there a cloud upon that auspicious union, till the hand of death dissolved the tie. From the hour of their marriage, the wedded pair were indeed what they were created to be, and Pericles found in Aspasia the help which his heart sought. With her his political plans were matured, his orations were composed; in his campaigns she accompanied him; when engaged in the duties of his office at home, she shared and lightened his cares. Never did he leave his home in the morning without clasping her in a fond embrace, never did he return without a similar greeting. One son, the heir of his father's talents, crowned their union, and the affectionate husband and father lived to receive from the grateful attachment of the Athenian people, as a reparation for the wrong they had done him in a moment of ill-humour, the reversal of the law which forbade foreign marriages: his son was enrolled in his father's ward by the name of Pericles, and Aspasia was received on the footing of an Athenian citizen.

'The triumph of this great and good man was stained by no personal revenge; the ostracism, which carried no dishonour to his adversary, removed Thucydides from Athens; and the conscience of others, rather than any act of Pericles himself, led them to withdraw also; but no instance of vindictive feeling on his part is recorded. No less god-like in his forgiveness of injuries than in his power of mind, he disdained to remember his wrongs, and his measures had no personal object. Perhaps in his resolution never to leave Aspasia behind him, even when his military duties called him away from Athens, might be traced a recollection of the fate of Pheidias, but that was all.

'The record of human life is far more melancholy than its course; the hours of quiet enjoyment are not noted; the thousand graces and happinesses of social life, the loveliness of nature meeting us at every step, the buoyancy of spirit resulting from health and a pure

air, the bright sun, the starry firmament—all that cheers man on his road through his probationary state, that warms the heart and makes life pleasant, is omitted in the narrative, which can only deal with facts; and we read of disappointment, and sickness, and death, and exclaim 'Why is man born to sorrow?' He is not so: years of enjoyment brace the soul for the grief when it comes; and when it does come, it comes mixed with so many alleviating circumstances for those who do not willfully reject all the lesser pleasures which the loving Father of all his works has with so tender a care scattered at our feet, that even the grief is far less in the reality than it appears in the relation.

'The reader has here the record of a part of a man's life, and death must close it; yet the path towards the grave was for nearly fifteen years strewn with abundant flowers, and but few thorns. It is with a feeling of sadness, nevertheless, that after having traced the course of an individual through years of happiness, we stand beside his death-bed, and see the spirit withdraw from the arena where it has struggled and triumphed, even though we know that it withdraws only to receive the victor's crown; and we cannot take a last leave of Pericles without a sigh. It is evident that even the impartial writer who left us his history for 'an everlasting memorial' had some such feeling; for he dwells on the virtues of the great Athenian statesman with the affection of a personal friend;—indeed, he might have been such,—and seems to enjoy the thought, that he could hand down to posterity a true character of one so much and so undeservedly maligned by many of his contemporaries.'—vol. ii. pp. 273—275.

We should not do justice to our feelings concerning this 'Tale of Athens,' if we did not express our belief that the perusal of it stimulates the noblest and best affections of the heart. It will make the young and thoughtless wiser, and it will freshen up right sentiment and high aspiration in those who already stand on the same level as the writer. In his exculpation of Aspasia, we heartily rejoice; and freely confess that he has opened to us various new and happy trains of thought thereby. Whether she was really and altogether so discerning, so noble, so glorious as his rich fancy has depicted, is difficult for a cautious critic to decide. He himself pretends only to have probably *restored*, as an artist from the fragments of a building, the history which has come down mutilated and misrepresented: and as such we can thankfully accept it. That the imputations cast by the ancients upon Aspasia are vile inventions of low or malignant minds, would be nearly certain from the fact that Plutarch refers to no authorities but quotations from the gross and false comedians, whose testimony he himself rejects with grave disapproval: while her connexion with Pericles and Anaxagoras ought to be a full vindication of

her proceedings. But when we have to lament that even our best writers continue to this day to give historical weight to the malignant grossness of an Aristophanes, we cannot wonder if a Plutarch or a Diodorus are occasionally led astray by like influences. We farther rejoice in the vindication of Euripides, short as it is, in the graceful fiction before us. Some of the great German scholars would seem to have so thrown their hearts into Grecian art and Grecian mythology, as actually to be shocked at Euripides's pulling in pieces the indecent or cruel tales which passed as religion, and exhibiting their ancient heroes and heroines in the weakness of our common nature. Even in Dr. W. Smith's excellent Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, we find a learned writer questioning, 'whether, in the absence of a fixed external standard of morality, it was not most dangerous to tamper with what might supply the place of it, however ineffectually, through the medium of the imagination, &c., &c.' This would be plausible, if any high morality had been pretended by the Greek religion, or heroic tales: but the fact is precisely the contrary. As in modern Hindostan, so in ancient Greece, the morality of the people was weighed down by a religion decidedly inferior to the common conscience. How Christians, (in the laxest sense of the word,) can write as they do concerning Greek mythology, often amazes us, when we set side by side the invectives of the Hebrew Prophets against idolatry; who must be mad fanatics, if the Greek worship deserved to be looked at with any equanimity. Yet calm historians bear witness that out of the Hebrew Prophets sprang all the spiritual eminence of the Jewish people; and the same philosophers who palliate the odiousness of Hellenic superstition are often found extolling and justifying the iconoclastic spirit of Mahommed. We cannot but think that the beauty of Greek sculpture has seduced men who otherwise deserve admiration, into a most undue respect for a system, which the more thoughtful part of the Greeks could *not* respect; and we must repeat our thankfulness to the author before us, that he so manfully tears off the veil, to exhibit the ugliness of this falsely called worship.

In his pages also, Anaxagoras and some earlier philosophers receive a praise seldom awarded them. Modern literati indeed have become aware of the high merit of Anaxagoras, but the facts have not been brought out for popular knowledge. That in the preaching of some of these remarkable men there was a moral power is evidenced by the authentic accounts of profligates arrested in their career, and permanently rescued into a life of virtue; cases which though few, are well attested. The author has skilfully adapted this to the affecting story of the fair

Glycera; in which also he probes to the bottom, *what* it is that makes marriage a holy and honorable state; and teaches his readers to look through forms into their substance; and while valuing our own happier political position, not to mistake and despise those who are less favoured.

But the question finally remains: are we to take our historical view of Pericles, from the portrait which the author holds up to us? And here we are forced to say,—that we strive in vain to convince ourselves that he even approximates to the truth. Pericles indeed,—compared with the selfish, profligate or wicked nobility, against whom in his later life he had to struggle, or with the demagogues who succeeded him,—was an excellent and noble person. In this contrast, we believe, Thucydides the historian contemplated him, and inevitably formed a very high estimate of him, intellectually and morally. The breach between Pericles and Cimon had been entirely healed, and Thucydides, a kinsman of Cimon, is not to be reckoned as of the opposite party to Pericles; nor is his evidence, in Pericles's favour, to be regarded as an unwilling concession extorted by truth. On the contrary it seems to us that Thucydides himself is another Pericles; only stript of all eloquence, and therefore probably little fit for public life at Athens. That he most unduly overrates the political wisdom and foresight of Pericles, lies on the surface of his own annals. Many times he comments on the stupidity, languor, selfishness, and even cowardice, which the Lacedæmonians displayed in the Peloponnesian war, and says that they proved, 'most convenient enemies': this could not have been foreseen: and had they acted with such vigour as might have been expected;—had Archidamus or his colleague been a Brasidas or an Agesilaus;—the empire of Athens would have been destroyed in the second year of the war. Yet Thucydides gives Pericles credit for having foreseen that Athens was strong enough, 'easily to get the better.' Again, nothing can be more manifest, from his own account, than that the dreadful plague in the second year which brought the city to the brink of ruin, and (as he says,) permanently corrupted the morals of the nation,—was caused by Pericles himself; who forced the people into war, sorely against their will, and urged upon them, as a necessary result, to migrate promiscuously into the city and its long walls. Yet the historian does not see that this at all takes off from the wisdom of the great statesman!—Again, Pericles held the chief military, as well as civil, rule; and in this character kept down talents superior to his own. It would seem that the bloody battle of Tanagra fought by the Athenians against the Lacedæmonians,—through the obstinate folly of the party of Pericles,

while Cimon was under ostracism,—had damped his courage as regards all direct conflict with Spartan troops. During the first inroad of the Peloponnesians in the great war which began twenty-six years later, he positively prevented the Athenians from sallying to repel them; and thereby depressed their spirits exceedingly. He had learned that the Athenian heavy-armed soldiers, however great their bravery, were not trained well enough to compete with those of Sparta. True: but was this the only sort of war known to him? Myronides had shockingly massacred a Corinthian battalion, under advantage of ground, by a force of mere slingers; and Pericles had not been long in his grave, ere Demosthenes defeated a powerful Spartan army and brought nearly three hundred alive to Athens, by a superior body of archers and other light troops. Iphicrates afterwards showed that targeteers, (or men with small shields,) could vanquish the cumbrous soldiers of Lysurgus. If Pericles resolved to force his people into war, he ought to have been prepared to fight for the land of Attica: but he was not: and in consequence, nothing but gross mismanagement on the part of Sparta, saved, for a time, her great rival.

But we must slightly recapitulate the life of Pericles. The chronology of many of the events is uncertain, and we are not persuaded by the ingenious author before us that he has brought them into a correct union; while undoubtedly he so arranges them as to give plausibility to his high estimate of the Athenian statesman. So much, however, is clear. Cimon was more of a Greek than of an Athenian. His politics were those of Aristides or Isocrates. He desired to unite Greece against Persia. His measures, and only his, would have kept Athens and Sparta in political amity; while they did not hinder Athens from immeasurably outstepping her competitor. Every year that the good understanding continued, Athens waxed stronger and stronger, but Sparta remained stationary. 'A masterly inactivity,' to borrow a transatlantic phrase, as regards Lacedæmon, was the true policy for Athens: and this, Cimon pursued. And with what result? The opposite party, with whom Pericles acted, though perhaps he was not yet acknowledged as its leader, impeached Cimon for *love of the Lacedæmonians!* and banished him for ten years. This deed was, in our belief, that which proved fatal to all attempts at Grecian union, and for it Pericles bears a large responsibility. Our author wishes us to believe that the unfortunate jealousy of the Lacedæmonians alone thwarted Pericles in a great scheme of union for Greece. We think he has made more of the scheme than it deserved, especially since he has transposed its place in time by some fifteen or more years; but if otherwise, when to love the Lacedæmo-

nians had been made a crime in the most distinguished * general of Athens,—when he had been recalled from banishment only after his volunteering to fight in the battle of Tanagra, where one hundred of his comrades fell round his armour,—how could Lacedæmon assent to a scheme which made Athens the centre of Grecian power? Cimon, we think, deserves the credit which our author assigns to Pericles: we could also wish that it had occurred to him to rescue Elpinice, sister of Cimon, from the foul stain which the scandal-lovers poured upon her; if, indeed, *all* the tales of Cimon's early profligacy are not equally slanders. But to proceed, when Cimon had been ostracized, Pericles acted the part of a thorough demagogue, treating the treasury of the allies as a convenient supply for the poor of Athens, and bribing these out of the public money, since his own fortune would not suffice for it. His great admirer Plutarch distinctly remarks, that (what is equally true of Cæsar) while competing for power he was a lavish demagogue, but that when he had won it, he became highminded and aristocratical in his dealings with the people. The author would attribute this to Aspasia's excellent influence on him, but it has another far more obvious explanation.

We must however here notice a point, in which we think the author has unwittingly been unjust to Pericles. On the authority of Plutarch, he believes that he carried an *ex post facto* law, which inflicted not only illegitimacy, but slavery, on all Athenian citizens whose mothers were foreigners; and that by it nearly 5000 free persons were actually sold into bondage! So atrocious a deed is scarcely credible.† But, waiving the atrocity of it,—Plutarch tells us (ch. 29) that the three sons of Cimon, named Lacedæmonius, Thessalus and Eleius, were born of an Arcadian mother: all these, then, must have been sold into bondage? But no: he himself observes, that Pericles sent Lacedæmonius with only ten ships to Corcyra, (so late as B.C. 432), and was thought to have wished to discredit him by giving him so small a force. This was about three years before the imagined repeal of his own law in favour of his son by Aspasia. Tangled as the subject is, we confess that we feel no conviction that fo-

* We cannot tell whether the author deliberately holds to the vulgar tale concerning the humiliating peace which Cimon forced Artaxerxes to make. It is rejected (we think justly) by our foremost scholars.

† Since the above was written, we see that Sir E. L. Bulwer and Mr. Clinton reject Plutarch's tale as incredible. The latter wishes to alter *επράθησαν*, *were sold*, to *ἀπηλαθίσαν*, *were ejected*. Even then, it is difficult to believe in so violent a measure, which must have affected the higher or wealthier classes in large proportion. May not the truth have been, that none but citizens pure of both parents *were allowed to partake in the gift of corn*?

reign mothers were exposed to any *legal* disqualification in those times; although spiteful comedians or orators were always glad to fling the name of 'foreigner' or 'bastard' on one whose blood was not purely Athenian. In passing, we cannot help observing how Cimon, by the very names given to his sons, indicated his sympathy with all Greece, and his desire that it should be a single whole.

The war of Pericles against Samos is defended by our author on grounds which do not satisfy us; though we quite allow that they were good enough for common Athenians—good enough, possibly, for Thucydides, who seems to see nothing wrong here, more than in the Peloponnesian war. We merely say, such wars are quite inconsistent with the just and simple-minded views attributed by the author to Pericles. Nor can Athenians have been wanting, who held that which we regard as a sounder judgment; when Elpinice, sister of Cimon—a woman of masculine mind, it seems—publicly reproached Pericles 'for losing the lives of brave citizens in a war, not against Phœnicians and Medes, but in subduing an allied and kindred state.' The duty of Athens, as leader of the confederacy, was to stop private and civil wars, to mediate between fierce factions, and to enforce reasonableness on both. But Pericles acted towards Samos as our political Protestants have tried to act towards Ireland; viz., to set up as masters what they regard as the *English* party, and depress, eject, or slaughter the opponents. According to Thirlwall, the result of this war was, that Athens used the treasure of the allies as her own: if so, now must have commenced the vast expenditure on public buildings at Athens, which our author puts somewhat earlier. Be that as it may, we cannot but believe that these buildings were a moral curse to Athens. These, and not the much calumniated 'sophists' or philosophers, debauched the conscience of the nation. To enrich themselves with *Persian* gold, taken by open war, hurt no man's conscience. The barbarian was believed to be prey, as lawful to a Greek as the game of the mountains or the feathered fowl. But all felt that *Greeks* had rights towards Greeks, and especially that the money of allies, at first freely contributed, could not be justly exacted by compulsion, and then used for the aggrandisement of the leading state. No Athenian could become proud of the buildings of Pericles without imbibing a crooked morality; and this is observable throughout the dialogues of Plato, where those who maintain that 'might makes right' habitually refer to the example of the city herself, as an unanswerable argument; since *otherwise* it would be requisite to condemn her as a public robber.

Lastly, none can pretend that the circumstances of the times

forced Pericles into the fatal war with Sparta, which wrecked for ever the hopes of permanent good in Greece. All parties but he were averse to it. Sparta was strongly indisposed: the Athenian people dreaded it exceedingly. He, and he alone, is responsible for the unjust attack on Potidæa, and the unjust interference between Corcyra and Corinth. He it was who refused the least concession to Megara, on grounds which ought never to be used, except by a state which is purely and perfectly in the right; viz., that if a little were yielded, more would be asked. By such false patriotism, and fatal obstinacy, this accomplished, able, and in many respects virtuous man, gave the most fatal of all blows ever given to the happiness of rising Greece: nevertheless, on his deathbed he took credit to himself, for having never caused an Athenian citizen to wear mourning! So vain was he of his unenterprising generalship, and so blind to the sanguinary tendencies of his statesmanship.

But we have written enough. In conclusion, we must observe that our author's English is pure and racy—not like that of some fashionable novelists—and remains equally simple and natural, through the many brilliant passages with which it abounds.

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- Art. IV.—1. *A History of the British Freshwater Algæ, including descriptions of the Desmideæ and Diatomaceæ, with upwards of one hundred plates, illustrating the various species.* By Arthur Hill Hassall. In 2 vols. pp. 462. London: Hightley. 1845
2. *Phycologia Britannica; or, a History of British Sea-weeds* By William Henry Harvey, M.D., M.R. I.A. No. 1. London: Reeve. 1846.

THIS is a seasonable book; and the author has not only set about his task in a right spirit, but carried it through with commendable diligence. It appears at a time when, after much loose and scattered observation, mixed with a fair proportion of critical and scientific research, it has become expedient to gather up the fragments, to test theories, and to bring both experiments and generalizations so completely into one view, as to gain an advantageous position, both for ascertaining the actual state of cryptogamic science in one of its most intricate departments, and for taking a fresh start in progressive discovery. In works of this kind, made up of much and minute detail, it can, however, hardly be otherwise than that a severe and searching criticism must detect errors both circumstantial

and speculative. There are many departments of natural science in which it seems a necessary condition of experimenting, that it can rarely be so conducted as to leave no room for doubt; and this inherent difficulty presses hard upon the subject of the volumes before us: but time and space fail us for so extensive an inquiry, and with this preliminary caution we must limit ourselves to such general intimations as may justify our favourable estimate of Mr. Hassall's work.

Few sections of natural science are so unpromising as this. The motley scum of the standing pool, the dark slime that makes our garden walks unsightly and our woodland path uncertain, the dregs that offend the sense in the ditch or drain, supply a large portion of its material. We take up what seems to be little else than a confused and accidental mass; and when we have so far conquered our annoyance as to venture on manipulation, we find that there is before us a distinct and marvellous organism, chiefly of fibrous structure, passing through the regular stages of growth, maturity, and reproduction, and presenting, throughout its changes, phenomena which make us halt in our conclusions, and leave us doubtful to what definition of existence we are to refer their forms and movements—whether they are the result of vegetable irritability, or of animal life. These startling appearances are illustrated at considerable length and with much distinctness by Mr. Hassall in his 'Introduction,' and in his remarks on the Characeæ: we cannot, however, repel the suspicion that, close and apparently complete as may be the researches of such sharp-sighted observers as Vaucher, Unger, and Varley, there is yet much to be done before we can approach the determination of so difficult and complicated a question. Details of such subtle and elusive character as those belonging to the present investigation, require the severest testing. Reiterated experiment, by men of differing views, can alone settle the question; and even after every difficulty seems to have been fairly met, and main facts satisfactorily established, it will excite no surprise in the experienced observer, if it should be found in the event, that some critical circumstance has been overlooked; that some unexpected variation interferes with the general course of movement or transition, and that the entire labour of explanation and construction has to be recommenced. We cannot think that the time has yet arrived when a decisive opinion may be safely given. In one respect Mr. Hassall seems to have failed in supplying sufficient material for determining even the present state of these complicated questions: he has not given their *history*; and without this; in other words, without ascertaining what has been done, and in what manner, up to the present time; without a

minute specification of the successive steps by which our knowledge has been obtained; it is impossible to gain a right apprehension of the science in its actual state: results are not enough for accurate information. Our author apologises for this deficiency, and promises to set all right in a second edition—we fear that this may not be quite satisfactory to the purchasers of the first.

Mr. Hassall has, in one instance, advantageously allowed himself to pass over the strict geographical limits of his subject, for the purpose of illustrating a point of some historical interest, respecting which there has been, at one time or other, a good deal of uncertain and unsatisfactory speculation. So far back as 1823, the celebrated Ehrenberg had observed on the borders of the Red Sea, a singular phenomenon, which led him at once to the very obvious explanation of its distinctive name. In that year he was residing at Tor, in the immediate neighbourhood of Mount Sinai.

‘On the 10th of December,’ he writes, ‘I then saw the surprising phenomenon of the blood-red colouration of all the bay which forms the port of that city. The high sea, without the boundary of the corals, preserves its ordinary colour. The short waves of a tranquil sea bring upon the banks during the heat of the day, a mucilaginous matter of a blood-red colour, and deposit it upon the sand, in such a manner as that, in the course of a good half hour, all the bay, with the receding tide, is surrounded with a red border of many feet in depth. I removed from the water some specimens, with glasses, and carried them to a tent which I had near the sea. It was easy to see that the colouration was due to little tufts, scarcely visible, often greenish, and sometimes of an intense green, but for the most part of a deep red; the water upon which they floated was always colourless. This very interesting phenomenon, sufficient to afford a reason for the etymology of the name which this sea has received, (an etymology up to the present time always buried in complete obscurity,) attracted all my attention. . . . During many days, I observed also the colouring matter with the microscope; the tufts were formed of little bundles of filaments of an oscillatoria; they were fusiform and elongated, irregular, having rarely more than the diameter of a line, and were contained in a sort of mucilaginous sheath.’

The instance, however, was not quite satisfactory, inasmuch as the phenomenon exhibited itself on a scale somewhat too limited for general inference. But it has been more recently observed, over a breadth of surface which gave ample evidence that the singular effect witnessed and explained by Ehrenberg, was by no means confined to the shores of a secluded bay, but that it ranged over so large a portion of the Erythræan sea, as

to account entirely for its ancient designation, originally applied to a much greater marine superficies than that which is shut in by the shores of the Arabian gulf. M. Evenor Dupont, a 'distinguished advocate of the Isle of Mauritius,' on his voyage to Europe, by what is called the 'overland' passage, made it his especial business to look out for all appearances, permanent or accidental, that might afford any illustration of the distinctive term. The results of his persevering observation shall be given in his own lively and expressive language.

'The 8th July last (1843), I entered into the Red Sea, by the strait of Babelmandel, upon the steam-boat the *Atalanta*, belonging to the Indian company. I demanded of the captain and the officers, who for a long time navigated in these latitudes (*parages*), what was the origin of this ancient name of the Red Sea; if it was owing, as some have pretended, to sands of that colour, or, according to others, to rocks. None of these gentlemen could reply to me; they never, they said, remarked anything to justify this denomination. I observed then for myself, as we advanced; whether the ship approached by turns the Arabian coast, or the African coast, the red was in no part apparent. The horrid mountainous barriers which border the two banks were uniformly of a blackish brown, except when in some places the appearance of an extinct volcano had left long white streams. The sands were white, the reefs of coral were white also; the sea of the most beautiful cerulean blue. I had given up the hope of discovering my etymology.

'On the 15th July, the burning sun of Arabia awoke me suddenly by shining all at once from the horizon, without spot, and in all its splendour. I turned myself mechanically towards the window of the poop to seek a remnant of the fresh air of the night, before the ardour of the day had devoured it. What was my surprise, to behold the sea tinted with red as far as the eye could reach! Behind the ship, upon the deck, and on all sides I saw the same phenomenon. I interrogated the officers anew. The doctor pretended that he had already observed this fact, which was, according to him, produced by the fry of fish floating on the surface. The others said that they did not recollect having seen it before. All seemed surprised that I should attach such interest to it. If it be necessary to describe the appearance of the sea, I should say, that its surface was covered with a compact stratum, of but little thickness, but of a fine texture, of a brick red, slightly tinged with rouge; sawdust of this colour—of mahogany, for example—would produce very nearly the same effect. It seemed to me, and I said at the time, that it was a marine plant. No one seemed of my opinion; so, with a pail tied at the end of a rope, I was able to gather, with one of the sailors, a certain quantity of the substance; this, with a spoon, I introduced into a white glass bottle, thinking that it would be the better preserved. The next day the substance had become of a deep violet,

and the water had taken a pretty pink tinge. Fearing that the immersion would hasten the decomposition instead of preventing it, I emptied the contents of the bottle upon a piece of cotton (the same which I remitted to you). The water passed through it, and the substance adhered to the tissue. In drying, it became green, as you actually saw it. I ought to add, that on the 15th July, we were by the side of the town of Cosseir; that the sea was red the whole day; that the next, the 16th, it was the same until near mid-day, the hour at which we found ourselves before Tor, a little Arabian village, the palms of which we perceived in an oasis on the border of the sea, below the chains of mountain which descend from Sinai, even to the sandy shore.'

We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to give a brief but emphatic recommendation of Dr. Harvey's *Phycologia*. It is at once scientific and artistic; we cannot recollect that we have at any time inspected a work of more perfect execution. Dr. Greville's volume, independently of its incompleteness, is a work of science rather than art; Dr. Harvey's is both. The first number is exquisite; and if we seem to detect a little less handiwork, and somewhat inferior delicacy of texture in the later plates, we are glad to recollect that we have been made fastidious by the earlier examples, and to believe that such scrupulous elaboration has been rendered impracticable by an increasing and urgent demand.

Art. V.—*History of the Eighteenth Century, and of the Nineteenth, till the overthrow of the French Empire. With particular reference to Mental Cultivation and Progress.* By F. C. Schlosser, Privy Councillor and professor of history in the University of Heidelberg. Translated, with a Preface and Notes, by D. Davison, M.A. Two vols London: 1843—4.

PROFESSOR Schlosser enjoys a European reputation, and his history, we are told, has excited great attention on the Continent. It has already appeared in a French and Dutch translation. The author exhibits throughout a deep and intimate acquaintance with his subject, unfolds many new views, and draws his general conclusions, in a manner indicative of a man of sense and true philosopher. The theme is certainly an interesting one. Scarcely any period in the history of the world affords such scope for deep contemplation as the eighteenth century. It was emphatically an age of transition,

'sometimes gradual and peaceful, and sometimes rapid and revolutionary, from the still lingering usages and institutions of the middle ages, to the full light and liberty of the present day. The progress is continuous in our own century, notwithstanding occasional drawbacks, pointing onward to a period of still freer institutions, of greatly increased knowledge, of higher degrees of mental refinement and moral culture.'

This work may be looked upon as the more useful and important, inasmuch as the author stands aloof from the two great parties which almost share between them, the literary world in Germany. Hence his opinions are likely to be the more straightforward, and uttered with the greater freedom. He treats literature, for the most part, only as it bears upon life and morals, and the English more incidentally (though, by the bye, sometimes a little too severely, we think,) than the French and German. With regard to the choice of authors for discussion, he pursues a plan which we shall endeavour to imitate, only on a much smaller scale, in the few pages to which we are limited—He selects such authors only as at once indicated a great change in the modes of thought and morals of the people, and exercised an important influence in promoting and confirming that change. His great object, we are informed, and as we soon discover, is to draw a true picture of the moral and social condition of the age, and to show in what respects and through what instrumentality the men and the literature of one country, acted upon and affected those of another. As respects his treatment of English literature, 'the novelty and interest consist, especially in the new results which are deduced, in the new connections which are pointed out, and in the manner in which the literature of England is shown to have been derived from that of France, and the effect, which, in its turn, it produced both in France and in Germany,—effects which are still, not only visible, but which characterise the whole prevailing literature of Europe.'

The attentive student of history will not have failed to observe that as there are two essentially distinct classes of the human family, when considered with reference to the question of civilization, so there will necessarily be a real difference between the history of nations, which may be said to be stationary, and that of those which are progressive, that is, between the history of the oriental nations, such as China, Japan, India, ancient Egypt, Persia, and the early times of the Greeks and Romans, and that of the Western States, coming under the denomination of modern history. Of course these two different species of history, require a different method of treatment. At first view, it might be thought that the middle ages, inas-

much as the principles inherent in the political and social arrangements of a stationary state, retained their ascendancy in Europe till towards the fourteenth century, might be treated in the same manner as is employed for that of the primitive ages and of the East, did it not appear, that, in the fixed and benumbed condition of the middle ages, there was a secret striving after progress, of which no trace is exhibited in the East. In both, the influence of the priesthood served to hold the state and the intelligence of the people in a condition of non-progression. On this general principle, the history of the eighteenth century demands a continual reference to those considerations and circumstances, peculiarly applicable to it, such, for instance, as the mutual relation existing between the internal culture and the external political changes of the people and kingdoms of Europe; otherwise, all notions of the relation of our times to antiquity and to the middle ages, must remain imperfect and distorted. His essential point our author keeps carefully in view, while he traces the course of the moral and literary history of Europe, during the period he has undertaken to treat of.

In the present work Schlosser confines himself to the literature and philosophy, (only incidentally introducing the political arrangements,) of the English, French, and Germans; but recommends, in order that we may fully comprehend these subjects from their origin, to fix our attention first exclusively upon Italy; because it was there that the German nations which had destroyed the Roman empire, first shook themselves free from their prejudices, and from the fetters of the hierarchy. It was their proximity to Rome that contributed in so great a measure, to open their eyes. Hence, a general change had been progressive in Italy since the twelfth century, and the movement continued till the middle of the sixteenth.

‘In reference to modern history,’ he observes, ‘we start from the principle, that the literature of Italy in the earlier parts of the middle ages contained in itself, mixed in chaotic confusion, all the different elements of modern culture and civilization and of modern politics. We there find the Byzantine garnish, together with the remains of classical antiquity, the new Eastern, or Arabic, along with the ancient Orientalism of the Old and the New Testament, that of the Fathers of the Church with Christianity in general; and still further the Northern, German, Celtic, and its various transformations in the poetry and the traditions of the old Gaulish dialects of the North and the South, of the Bretons and Normans, as well as of the Catalonians and the inhabitants of Provence. About the same time the chaos of these sometimes mutually attracting, and sometimes repelling materials began to resolve itself, and all assumed a

new modern form, resembling the classical, when the modern theories of administration, constitutions, government, police, and political economy were formed in Italy.'

After the time of Dante, when the Italian language was perfected, literature assumed a form regulated according to classical rules; and we find in the Italian cities in the fifteenth century, numerous court poets, rhetoricians, masters of the structure of language, and elegant Latinists, and academies serving as means to form the bases of permanent societies. It was at this time that the French monarchs endeavoured to force themselves among the Italian princes, and sought to give the same splendour to their city of Paris, which the arts and the study of classical literature had already conferred upon the Italian capitals. Henceforward the new Italian civilization was mainly indebted for its propagation and diffusion to the French.

In the second section of his Introduction, in which the literature of Europe till the end of the seventeenth century is cursorily treated, Schlosser adverts to the new Christian life and literature which were first formed among the Spaniards, and traces their influence upon the literature of France and England, as well as the course which Spanish civilization took in contradistinction to that of Italy. Speaking of the latter he remarks, that 'tactics, strategy, trade upon a grand scale, banking, exchange and its laws, manufactures, industry in its great branches, political economy, police and political investigations, as the terminology employed in these subjects denote, all belong to the fifteenth century.' The freer tendency of this mental culture and civilization, in religious as well as in civil things, reached Germany at a somewhat later period, through France. At the end of the sixteenth century a rapid retrogradation took place, and at the beginning of the seventeenth, the Thirty Years War threw back German mental improvement and cultivation for at least a hundred years. Precisely at this time, when Germany was falling back into the condition of the middle ages, that literature was developed in France, which had been brought over the Alps by Francis the First, and which was adapted to the new form which had been given to the French state under Richelieu and Mazarin. It was the schools of the Reformed institutions, which, when they were driven out of France by Louis the Fourteenth, in 1681, brought the light of the new studies, but together with a purely French or monarchical court life, into Holland, Germany, and other districts of the north of Europe.

The entirely new literature which arose in France in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, found its way into the circles of the English aristocracy under Charles the Second, and in a short time became prevailing throughout Europe, and determined the

character of the former half of the eighteenth century. In his introductory chapter on the condition of literature in England and France at the end of the seventeenth century, our author well observes:—

‘The literature of the French, from the time of Richelieu, was in one point of view altogether national, full of pomp and splendour, of wit and declamation, full of wantonness and a practical understanding of life; with very few exceptions, heartless and without humour, but in the other point of view, borrowed from the ancients, and adapted by the learned men in France to the rules of the ancients, or more properly speaking, starting from this, it was improved and made. This new literature had reached its highest point of prosperity before the end of the seventeenth century, and school philosophy, couched in admirable language (Mallebranche, Pascal), eloquence, which was fitted to the national character, the regular drama, and a poetry modelled according to the strictest rules of art, had all reached that degree of perfection which it was possible for them to attain; whoever, in future, wished to gain splendid renown as a writer, must seek another path to reputation; and this introduced an entirely new literature and philosophy of life into France at the beginning of the eighteenth century. This new wisdom, this enlightenment and superiority to the prejudices of the people on the subject of church and state, had been earlier formed in Holland and England, and was so much the more eagerly received in France, in proportion as the fanaticism of the French ecclesiastics and of the parliaments had embittered the minds of all intelligent men. * * * * We have elsewhere alluded to the origin and connexion of the struggle against church and state in the seventeenth century; and we shall here only add some remarks upon the changes in English literature since the times of Cromwell. The affectation of piety and of religious fanaticism, which reigned in England during the time of the republic, both in writings and in life, and which introduced a wholly absurd and ridiculous tone and language into conversation, begat a strong repugnance in the public mind to such hypocrisy, and awakened an inclination for natural freedom; this degenerated into extreme licentiousness in the time of Charles the Second. The tone and language of the Restoration were frivolous, because biblical forms of language, and real or pretended religiousness of life fell into utter contempt along with the republic and the republicans, among whom this manner prevailed. On his restoration, Charles the Second brought with him the morals and usages of the times of the Fronde, and the wanton tone of the memoirs and novels of the time immediately following, and these prevailed in England during the whole of his reign. The re-instating of the hierarchy in the old form, which immediately followed the restoration of the Stuarts, the continuance of those crying abuses connected with the hierarchy, and the maintenance of them under William the Third, even after the expulsion of James the Second, drew the attention of all thinking and able men

to the subject, and caused them to attack this wholly rigid ecclesiastical system, and along with it, incidentally, Christianity itself.'—vol. i. pp. 20—22.

In the course of the seventeenth century, Hobbes had brought forward his new system of moral and political philosophy, in support of the military dominion of absolute power. This writer paved the way for the bold scoffers at all spiritual and temporal dominion, and in some sort, gave countenance to the demands of a free people against the pretensions and claims of their rulers. With him may be joined Harrington and Algernon Sidney, as political writers, who surpassed the boldest French authors of the eighteenth century. About the same time that the French school of licentious literature was extending its discipleship in England, appeared the new philosophy of Locke, whose doctrine of experience and observation, of reflection and calculation, as the sources of knowledge, and the means of applying it, came at length to pervade the whole system of external life, the rapid development of which, and the multiplication of wants and conveniences, were thereby not a little promoted. The universities and their teachers, indeed, were bitterly opposed to Locke, with whose system the orthodoxy of traditionary faith could be ill made to agree. In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the university of Oxford to censure the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' and to forbid the reading of it. Besides this, every one is aware of the fact alluded to by Pope in the 'Dunciad,' where he speaks of—

' Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke.'

There were others, however, about this time, such as Boyle and Le Clerc, who ventured to go still further than Locke in the paths of doubt and scepticism. Boyle brought together every thing which the ancients and moderns had said against the prevailing system, and essayed to prove that the superstitions and tendencies to belief in miracles in his time, were absurd remnants of barbarism. The doctrines which had been discovered and developed in England, were cautiously introduced by Boyle and Le Clerc among the Dutch and French, who at length received and universally disseminated them. In the earlier half of the seventeenth century, Lord Herbert of Cherbury had made a bold attack upon Christianity; and Shaftesbury directed his wit and satire against the hierarchy decrees of councils and confessions of faith of the clergy. As writers to be classed in the same category, and either coeval with, or

not long subsequent to Shaftesbury, we may mention Collins, Tindal, Chubb, Mandeville and Morgan. Toland began his attack upon Christianity at a rather earlier period. His most celebrated work, 'Christianity not mysterious,' appeared in 1696, for which he was obliged to flee to Dublin, where he was almost as much persecuted as in England. Of the injury sometimes inflicted on the cause he wish to support, by noticing ill-founded and vulgar assaults, a striking instance is afforded in the case of Toland:

'Toland,' observes Schlosser, 'conducted himself very unskillfully; he was often vulgar, and gave way so completely to his humour and his momentary impulses, that his attack would have passed over altogether unheeded, if a number of other men, for the most part of good reputation, had not at the same time entered the lists against a theology and philosophy which had become antiquated, and which was nevertheless violently forced upon every man by wicked governments and heartless aristocracies, in order to hold the people in dependence by means of the hierarchies and sophists. * * Huet, Mosheim, and other learned and pious men, by their defence of Christianity against his attacks, first directed the attention of all those to Toland, whom the spirit of the age excited against Christianity.'—vol. i. p. 24.

Our author bestows several sections of his first chapter on the English writers we have named, as well as on Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, &c. That on Bolingbroke is an able and discriminating essay, so far at least as it professes to sum up his literary and philosophical character. We agree with Schlosser, that 'a solid work upon the life and writings of Bolingbroke, by an *Englishman*, is yet a great desideration.' The Memoirs by Cooke are altogether unsatisfactory even as regards his political life, and the theme is yet open to some writer of competent talents and impartiality.

Having treated of the literature and philosophy of England down to a certain period in the eighteenth century, our author devotes his second chapter to the literary cultivation and intellectual life of the French, or rather the mental culture and improvement of the higher classes of Europe, from 1715 till something beyond the half of the century. The first name selected for discussion, as belonging to this era, is that of Voltaire, who brought into literature the tone and mental energy of the highly eulogised and clever societies of the last days of Louis XIV. It is well known that Voltaire and his associates, in the early times of their career, played a double game, and our author fails not to notice it. There was an *esoteric* and an *exoteric* doctrine; each member of their society played two characters; the one within the circle, for his own pleasure; the other out-

wardly, and for the people. In secret, they wrote abusive songs against the king and nobility; in public, they composed poems in praise of Louis, and in celebration of the feast of the Virgin Mary. 'It never occurred to any one, that the wantonness and the scorn of polite and fashionable loungers would ever reach the oppressed and labouring people, who were held in bonds of degradation and slavery by the priesthood, the public officials and nobility; it seemed beyond the hope or possibility of deliverance from temporal and spiritual tyranny; and therefore these people did homage in private to the very things which they publicly persecuted with unrelenting severity.'

The enlightenment which Voltaire announced, as well as that which Bolingbroke and his friends advocated in England, was wanting in the solid foundations which secure an edifice against overthrow. Every reformation intended to be real, firm, and lasting, must be founded upon severe and strict morality. History as well as human nature furnishes abundant evidence, that without morality and a high zeal for truth, all attacks upon existing systems can only lead to mischief. Nothing can be effected for reformation when the conduct and principles of the reformers themselves are not free from selfishness, and from the empty vanity of mean or courtly souls. Voltaire came to England in 1726, and during his temporary sojourn here till 1729, the brothers Walpole, one of whom had completely gone over to the French school, were at the head of national affairs. During his stay in England and immediately afterwards, he reached the very summit of his European renown, and became the national idol of the French. That fact is, that his journey to England was attended with consequences scarcely dreamt of by the civil and ecclesiastical rulers of France. In the latter country there was a want of all that legal order which constitutes the rightful guardian of the middle and lower classes against the brutal insolence and oppression of the great. As appears from his 'English Letters,' Voltaire fled from a country in which despotism put down the law, and superstition superseded religion, and took refuge for a time in a land of freedom. The times seemed ripe for such a renovator as this, and he came forth to fulfil his mission of destructiveness. We are told, that the pious cardinal Fleury experienced to his horror what Louis the Fifteenth afterwards felt and could never pardon,—that, notwithstanding, and in spite of all his state-prisons and Jesuits, his hired mercenaries and officials, an organ of the popular voice and of the spirit of the age had sounded; before which, sooner or later, the monarchy and the court would be obliged to give way. By the publication of his 'English Letters,' Voltaire introduced into France the religious philo-

sophy, the literature, and views of life entertained at that time in our own country, precisely in the same manner as it is now sought to introduce there the opposite views from Germany; and they enjoyed the readier reception, and excited the greater attention, because Montesquieu had already awakened the people, and turned their regards from the system prevailing in France, to a mania for England.

Montesquieu was not unconscious of the oppression and misery of the last years of Louis the Fourteenth's reign; and with a strong feeling of disapprobation, had communicated his thoughts to his contemporaries. Subsequently, he witnessed the times of the regency and of its demoralization; and wishing to speak his mind to the people, he chose the form of the novel as most suitable to his genius. Voltaire had directed his poetical satire against superstition and the priesthood; Montesquieu took the more political side of the subject, and kept in view ministerial despotism, and want of respect for the law and legal forms. We are now alluding to his 'Persian Letters,' which may be regarded in some respects as more important than any writing of Voltaire's, inasmuch as 'they enter into almost all the relations of life, and expose before the eyes of the people everything which was absurd or unnatural in their institutions, which the people were accustomed to admire, and the courts and governments to praise, as the highest perfection of fortune and wisdom.' Before the appearance of the 'Persian Letters,' no one had ventured to blame the church and the government in prose, (satirical poetry had been the usual channel,)—and his work, therefore, assumed a special importance, and his boldness excited astonishment. He therein depicts the influence of the female sex, and prepares his readers for his new theory deduced from the example of England, of the true nature of modern constitutions, the theory of a religion without a priesthood, and of a monarchy without bayonets.

'In some of these letters', observes Schlosser, 'in which the principles of administration and the relation of luxury and industry to civilization, are discussed, the germs of that philosophy are visible which has since pervaded the whole of the French people; but which had at first slowly and unobserved given an entirely new colour to literature. This is the most remarkable feature in the activity and influence of Voltaire and of Montesquieu. These two, who were the greatest writers of the nation, both availed themselves of poetry and morals, of the forms of confidential correspondence and songs, in order to place in a clear light, and to hold up to the public contempt, the meanness and degradation of courtly, flattering, and mercenary writers. Those alone can judge how important a service

this was, who are well acquainted with the condition of literature at that time.'—vol. i. p. 133.

We pass by those writers in the French language, who, in the first half of the eighteenth century, were protected by Frederic the Second, as well as the 'learned Coteries in Paris,' the French theatre, and the early German philosophers and writers, to each of which topics our author has devoted a section of his work, and arrive at some of the manifestations of English and French literature and philosophy during the latter half of the century.

After a brief notice of Lord Chesterfield, the general character of whose writings is well known, we are led to the historian Hume, who was guided in the composition of his great work, according to his own express declaration, by the judgment and taste of his Parisian friends, the exclusive so-called philosophers. 'It will be readily seen besides, that this age required a species of history quite different from the former; and that after Voltaire and Bolingbroke and Montesquieu had spread the light of a sounder criticism, or bold negation, over the dead masses of historical knowledge,—dialectics, rhetoric, and sophistry, must necessarily be called in to aid, if the distinguished public which had been instructed by their writings was to be addressed.' If, however, we judge from the incredibly small circulation which his work at first obtained, we must be led to the conclusion that Hume was somewhat too early, at least in England, with a historical work, manifesting such bold scepticism, such keen criticism, and the art of using facts for the purpose of building up a particular system. To account for this limited circulation, it is more than probable, that the principles of the new philosophy which the work promulgated, had not yet much descended below the literary aristocratic coteries in England, of whom Hume, no less than his brother philosophers, Voltaire and Montesquieu, may be regarded as the leader and the organ. Of the two latter, it may indeed be said, that they were at the head of the history of the formulas of wisdom, which regulated the life of the distinguished and educated society of Europe.

Montesquieu's journey to England, and his close intimacy with Englishmen, produced a considerable influence upon his writings posterior to the publication of the 'Persian Letters,' and especially upon his 'Spirit of Laws.' With regard to this latter work, some peculiar circumstances attending the second edition are worth mentioning. It appears that all who were influenced by an enlightened patriotism, and were concerned for the improvement of the condition of their countrymen, whether English, French, or Italians, assisted and supported the author by

their counsel, and suggested alterations and improvements. The 'Spirit of Laws,' therefore, as we now have it (for the second edition is to be regarded as the proper work), may be in some measure considered as the result of the labours of many friends of moderate freedom, who wished for a change of the prevailing police and government regulations. It was not merely negative, and destructive, like the productions of Voltaire and his school, nor sought to depart altogether from what was historical and real, like Rousseau and his followers.

We have not space to follow our author through any analysis of this remarkable work—remarkable at least for that age—and shall only further, therefore, observe upon it, that Montesquieu found an opponent in Crevier, a man of solid learning, but no philosopher, who had gained great and deserved reputation by his learned historical collections. The labours of Crevier, however, soon ceased to interest, while the work of Montesquieu, for thirty years after its appearance, was regarded as a general manual of political and worldly wisdom. In Germany and France its immediate effect was comparatively insignificant, while in England a foreign book has rarely worked more strongly upon the nature of the state, the theory of the constitution, and even upon legislation. The case of Gibbon shows most distinctly the influence which it had in England upon the treatment and application of history.

Having mentioned the name of Rousseau, we must endeavour to convey to the reader in a few words some notion of his character and principles. To these our author has devoted a long section of his fourth chapter, but we can only touch upon the principal heads of his able analysis. The reader will bear in mind that the time of which we are speaking was one of passion, and movement and transition; and it is the dictate of experience that in such times the first of these qualities generally carries the predominance, and hence, whoever takes a middle course, or remains neutral, is likely to be superseded by the more passionate and zealous spirits of the age. This is in part the reason why Voltaire and his school, Diderot, D'Alembert, Holbach, and Helvetius, who were for pulling down what was old, were more readily listened to than Montesquieu and Rousseau, who were for erecting a new moral structure, and required a vast force of virtue from a demoralized and self-seeking generation. However visionary and absurd the views of society as held by Rousseau might be, there is no doubt that his principles of life were of a higher and purer order than those entertained by many of his contemporaries. He was born at Geneva, and received his early education in a Protestant republic, in which, at that time, morality, and do-

mestic happiness, were maintained. The effects of this early discipline never entirely forsook him, though great temptations beset his path, more especially after the notice taken of him by Diderot, Voltaire, and their friends. Those salutary impressions, doubtless, mainly contributed to disgust him with what he saw and experienced, and rendered it 'impossible for him to keep pace with the parasites and talkers of the great world, of whom the greatest number of the so-called philosophers of genius at that time consisted.' After many adventures, this Genevese self-taught scholar, who had gone over from Protestantism to the Romish church, and had returned to Protestantism again, came to Paris about the year 1745. While there he contributed some musical articles to the *Encyclopædia*, and attempted a reply to a prize-question which had been proposed by the academy of Dijon, when a complete change in the whole cast of his thinking and life suddenly took place. We need not be surprized at this. The circumstances of the case sufficiently account for it. Schlosser treats the character of this singular man throughout with great fairness and discrimination, and we will give his allusion to this affair in his own words:—

'No one will deny that the ideas which Rousseau conceived and illustrated in the case of the prize-question proposed by the academy of Dijon, guided his whole future life and labours, and became to him truth, even if we grant to his opponents and accusers that these ideas were at first taken up and defended, in order to excite greater attention by a clear-sighted, ingenious, and eloquent illustration and support of a principle opposed to the common opinion. Rousseau not only propounded the principle, which classes scholars with sophists, and against which the whole writing world, decorated with their academical uniform, rose up in arms,—he not only propounded this principle, but preached it in all his writings, with the fire and enthusiasm of an apostle of his own and of a true conviction; but he carried out his ideas even to folly, into life, and freely sacrificed for their maintenance, what men in general most eagerly seek for. This last circumstance distinguished him most favourably from the Parisian philosophers, who, like their master, were all good men of the world, and sought by diplomacy and sophistry to give currency to their opinions; but always veered according to the wind of the prevailing fashion.

'The academy of Dijon had proposed a learned question upon the influence of the revival of ancient literature upon morals. Rousseau took a philosophical view of the question, and answered it with such eloquence, clearness, and power, and in such language, that the academy, without concurring in the main in his opinion, crowned his reply as a master-piece of eloquence and art. Rousseau had turned the question of the academy, as if they had asked, whether

men in general are *morally* improved by a scientific education, and to this question he replies in the negative. 'It may be readily conceived how much the world was astonished at the applause and the academical prize which were awarded this treatise.'—vol. i. pp. 288, 289.

But this was not all. The same academy gave him an opportunity, shortly afterwards, of further illustrating his new thoughts, by proposing another question upon the causes of the inequality of men. In reply to this question, he took occasion to express his opinion, that the civilization of mankind must be regarded as its degeneracy. This prize treatise is important, inasmuch as it contains the substance of all Rousseau's future writings. The idea which reigns throughout, the phantom which his lively fancy has embodied, unhappily led astray the noblest minds of the French revolution, and gave rise to many weighty practical errors. The conclusions which a discontented generation, embittered with its present condition, must arrive at, and did, indeed, naturally draw from the works of Rousseau, are, that the condition of society among men, is an unnatural one; that the development and cultivation of the higher intellectual faculties and powers are disadvantageous; and that the condition of physical well-being, when no thought of intellectual life is awakened, is the normal condition, and every departure from it degeneracy.

The paradoxical reveries of this extraordinary visionary, may now, be reckoned only as among the 'things that were;' and we have not space or inclination to follow his subtle demonstrations, or to compare his speculations with historical facts and daily experience. But as he did some good in his day, it may not be amiss to point out what that chiefly was. In certain particulars, his influence has not been small. Mistaken as he was, on many points, he really felt what he wrote;—and thus by his eloquence, his great powers of delineation and the recollections of his youth, was able to attack the more effectually, the degenerate, artificial, sinful life of a great capital, and the licentiousness of his celebrated friends, who, strong in their sophistical arts, upheld, and even praised every species of immorality, and shamelessness, as unprejudiced views of things, and as marks of genius. He was the man who brought into fashion that appearance, at least, of nature and simplicity, which we now more generally witness in the polite world. In regard to the education of children, too, he was the first to broach a great alteration, and hence an improvement. In this and some other things his influence has been more extensive than has been generally acknowledged. The whole previous and ancient mode

of training children and youth, the manner of life, the arrangements of the domestic circle, the severity of parents towards their children, their monarchical and patriarchal relation with respect to them, the distance at which the young were kept, and the outward reverence which they were obliged to show,—all this, when compared with the idyllic and simple pastoral relations which Rousseau described, seemed so burdensome and inconvenient, that it quickly disappeared, and people passed from one extreme to another. In consistency with his plans Schlosser goes on to describe the careers of Diderot, Helvetius and D'Alembert, and concludes his first volume with a chapter on Germany, in which he traces the influence of the new spirit upon Placemen, Universities, Theology and Learning. After closing the first part of the work with some admirable dissertations on the most renowned writers of Germany, as Michaelis, Semler, Wieland, Winkelmann, Herder, Lavater, Lessing, Klopstock, and others, in which, we think, he is somewhat too severe on the literary character of Gottsched, whom he omits no opportunity to denounce and ridicule, he commences 'Part the Second' with the novelists and humourists of England; devoting one section to the origin and history of the so-called English 'Blue Stockings;' and discussing in another, and, we conceive, with justness and candour, the relative and absolute merits of our historians, Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon.

In the course of Schlosser's work we have had to notice more than once his dislike of the judgment and taste of Lord Brougham. In treating of the political English writers and speakers of the time of the American war, he commences with this passage, the purport of which we may subscribe to as not wholly inapplicable or unjust.—

'A judgment with regard to their speaking and style may be left to English writers; we must, however, express a strong feeling of disapprobation, at what has been said by Lord Brougham, in his 'Statesmen of the Reign of George the Third.' This celebrated advocate has pushed his ability to make black white, and white black, and to persuade the public that it is so, somewhat too far. He ventures to praise Lord North, on account of his shameless assurance and his fluent parliamentary speaking; he dares to commend the stale and miserable wit, which he mixed up with transactions, in which the weal, or woe, of millions was involved, and to find some marks of genius in that indifference with which he himself jested upon his own habitually returning disposition to sleep during the parliamentary debates. This, indeed, can surprise no one from a man like Lord Brougham, because he even praises Burke in such a strain as purposely never to allow himself to remark that nature,

a simple and correct style, brevity, conciseness, and simplicity, have any value; that a good speaker should avoid far-fetched phrases, banish all bombast, and never introduce tedious learning, or wearisome and artificial knowledge, collected merely for show.'—vol. ii. p. 87.

Schlosser concludes the English portion of his work with Franklin, resumes the French part with an account of the French Encyclopedists and Economists, and closes the second volume with a continued reference to German literature and philosophy, in relation to public and domestic life, to the tone of society, and prevailing customs. This last portion of his labours we consider the most able, instructive, and profound; more particularly the sections on German history, journalism, and political economy. In that which relates to the writers of England and France in the second part, there may not be much that is new or striking; and as regards what has reference to modern Germany, it would be impossible to do any thing like justice to it in the compass of a few pages, and our space is already exhausted. But should the author favour us with an additional volume or two, as the translator intimates in his preface, we shall be glad to draw the attention of our readers to these topics, which brevity has compelled us for the present to omit.

Art. VI.—*Remains of the late Rev. John Morell Mackenzie, A.M.; with a Selection from his Correspondence, and a Memoir of his Life.* Printed for Private Circulation. Pp. clix—292, sm. 8vo.

As this volume has been printed merely for private circulation among the friends and acquaintances of the lamented individual whose remains and biography it contains, it is not one which as critics we are entitled altogether to drag before our bar. Disposed, however, as we are in all ordinary cases to respect the limits of our lawful province—within which, in good truth, we find in these all-writing days quite enough to do—we must in the case before us make an exception from our usual practice. The deep interest attaching to the memory of Mr. Mackenzie—the extensive reputation with which his name is associated, especially among the members of that religious body with which he stood connected—the singular combination of excellencies by which he was adorned, and the detail of which as presented in the volume before us, is so well calculated to substantiate the estimation in which the traditions of his friends have caused him to be held—as well as the intrinsic value of the larger part

of these 'Remains,' convince us that we shall afford a sincere gratification to our readers, by laying before them as copious an account of the contents of this volume as our space will permit. A temptation like this we have not found ourselves able to resist; and, therefore, in virtue of our authority we have issued a writ of *latitat* against this lurking subject of the critical realm, and have caused him to appear in court. It is not our intention, however, to proceed against him by the usual process of trial and sentence; our object is simply to have him so presented at our bar, as that all who frequent our court, may become well acquainted with him, and reap the advantage which the examination of such a subject is calculated to convey.

The 'Biographical Sketch' with which the volume before us commences, bears the signature G. G. C., and is followed by a delineation of the intellectual character of the subject of it to which are appended the initials H. R. We believe we violate no secret, and convey no information to the majority of our readers, when we say that the former initials are those of Mr. George Godfrey Cunningham, of Edinburgh, and the latter those of Mr. Henry Rogers, of Birmingham. Both of these gentlemen enjoyed much of the intimacy of Mr. Mackenzie, and the tribute which they have respectively offered in this volume to the memory of their departed friend is alike honourable to him and to them. Mr. Cunningham's memoir is a pleasing narrative of the leading events of Mr. Mackenzie's life, interspersed with faithful and graphic sketches of the moods and manners of his friend, as these were called forth by peculiar circumstances or displayed in the ordinary intercourse of life. Mr. Rogers's sketch is a full length portrait, full of beautiful and discriminative touches; though not more so than was to be expected from the eloquent biographer of Howe, and the skilful analyst of the genius and writings of Edwards.

Following the guidance of these gentlemen, we shall lay before our readers the following particulars of Mr. Mackenzie's history and character.

John Morell Mackenzie was the fourth son of Mr. John Mackenzie, and Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Symonds, of Kidderminster; and was born at Godmanchester in Huntingdonshire, on the 24th of October, 1806. Characterized from infancy by great amiability of temper, singular vivacity and docility, and unusual beauty of person, he enjoyed the affections of all with whom he came in contact, and speedily repaid the attentions of which he was thus made the subject. His paternal aunt describes him as 'a gracious and a gifted creature,' and adds, 'a more engaging being, one who passed with less contamination through the fiery ordeal of youth, there could not

be.' To his zeal for learning, also, even at this early period of his existence, his biographer bears testimony :—

' His thirst for information, and the rapidity with which he acquired it, were early manifested by his contriving to learn his letters, and make considerable progress in reading, before he had received any regular tuition. His mother describes him as walking about with his primer, eagerly asking every one he met whether such and such letters did not form such and such words. From the time he had mastered his letters, he was seldom to be found without a book in his hand. He read rapidly as well as eagerly, and a new book was at any time happiness enough for the child, or a formidable competitor with the companions of his sports for his attention during the rest of the day. It was carried about with him,—made his companion at meals, and oftentimes laid under his pillow. His aunt, Mrs. Hemming, remembers his having a keen discussion with his nursery maid on the practicability and reasonableness of his being allowed to lie upon his bed and enjoy his book while she was washing and dressing him.'—pp. vi., vii.

When ten years of age he exchanged the tuition of the domestic circle for that of a public school, where he entered upon the study of the classical languages. At first his progress was but tardy, but having had the good fortune to be placed shortly afterwards under the instructions of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, 'a conscientious and successful teacher' in the neighbourhood of Godmanchester, his progress became rapid and steady. When between twelve and thirteen years of age he was removed to a private school at Radley Hall, in Buckinghamshire, where he remained nearly two years, actively engaged in the prosecution of classical and mathematical studies. 'He was able before he left to read Xenophon and Homer with tolerable facility,' and had made such progress in the exact sciences as to find algebra 'very amusing' and to like the third book of Euclid 'even more than Latin and Greek'—a preference of which he very soon after repented so sincerely, that in more mature life the mathematical sciences formed almost the solitary exception to the encyclopædical range of his studies. Two years after this were spent by him at a school kept by the Rev. J. Hemming, at Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, where he continued to display the same appetite for knowledge, and the same aptitude for study; but where he became so much the slave 'of one of those fond delusions which so often cheat our fancy in the morn of life,' that it was deemed wise to remove him from Kimbolton, and place him under the tuition of the Rev. R. Halley, at St. Neots. Here he 'also enjoyed the invaluable advantages of his mother's prudent counsels and affectionate guardianship; and by the blessing of God on good

principles and a vigorous understanding, his mind became gradually tranquillized, and regaining its elasticity, renewed its usual habits of industry and rapid acquisition.

Up to this period no evidence had been given that his mind had come under the power of divine truth; and though he was well aware, how gratifying it would be to the minds of his parents, would he devote himself to the work of the ministry; his integrity and uprightness of feeling constrained him to renounce all thoughts of engaging in such a work, knowing, as he did, that he was not possessed of the first and most necessary qualification for the proper discharge of its important functions. Having intimated this decision to his friends, it was suggested that he should turn his thoughts to the legal profession; but as insurmountable difficulties occurred in the way of this suggestion, he was for a season left in a state of uncertainty as to the future direction of his active energies.

‘At this crisis, it pleased God powerfully to arrest his attention under a sermon preached by Mr. Halley, which awoke in him agonizing convictions of sin and personal demerit. For a brief season he was deeply exercised by doubts and fears, and conflicting emotions; but the gracious dealings of the Spirit prevailed and put to flight the ‘obstinate questionings’ which had perplexed him; in the cross of Christ he beheld the means of the sinner’s reconciliation to God; his mind received its decisive impulse, and his resolution was thenceforth formed to pursue that career on which he had already partially entered, and dedicate his future life to the ministry of the gospel,—a course of action which he never afterwards relinquished for a moment. We can lay no fuller or more satisfactory account of Morell’s conversion before our readers. But when we call to recollection the early soundness of his understanding,—the rigour with which he ever scrutinized his own conduct and motives,—and the solemn declaration made by him on his ordination to the Christian ministry, with reference to this juncture in his life,—we cannot doubt that he had now become the subject of the renewing energy of the Spirit of God, and that in resolving to devote himself to the ministry, his leading inducement was ‘to promote the glory of God and to save the souls of men.’—p. xvi.

Immediately upon this happy change of mind, Mr. Mackenzie joined the church under the care of Mr. Halley, and very shortly afterwards he became a student in the theological academy at Wymondley, then under the tutorship of the late Rev. Thomas Morell, and the Rev. W. Hull; there he remained for the usual term of four years, prosecuting those studies which in such institutions are generally prescribed for those who are seeking preparation for the work of the ministry; and, combining

with these, come others, to which not only such institutions are strangers, but which we suspect are seldom found amongst the engagements of young students, even in the most learned of our colleges. To have read through all the plays of Sophocles, part of those of Euripides and Æschylus, Pindar, Plato's Republic, Aristotle's Rhetoric and Poetic Longinus, Juvenal, Persius, Lucan, Cicero de Oratore, Tacitus's Annals, &c.—to have read through the whole works of Ockham, and several of those of Aquinas and Scotus, besides the writings of metaphysicians and moralists, more easy of access, and all this in addition to the theological studies and preaching exercises of the academy, indicates a mind of such extraordinary activity and powers in one so young, that were not the fact well authenticated, it would be almost incredible. With his correspondence, during the period of his residence at Wymondley, a considerable part of the volume before us is filled; and as it furnishes not the least interesting portion of the whole, we shall draw somewhat copiously upon it, in the way of extracts. His own words will best illustrate the state of his mind at this time; while they will also convey to the reader a most pleasing idea of the mingled vivacity, acuteness, and tenderness, by which he was so conspicuously distinguished.

The following is from a letter to his uncle, the late Dr. Addington, of Bristol, dated 'Wymondley House, Jan. 24, 1826':—

'After spending a most delightful vacation at home, I have again resumed my academic pursuits. I am reading the Greek tragedies with Mr. H. and Thucydides by myself. The farther I advance in the pursuits of Grecian literature, the more I am delighted, and—I hope—improved. Brougham, in his inaugural discourse delivered at Glasgow, strongly recommends the attentive study of those unrivalled models of composition which the genius of the Greeks has bequeathed to posterity. This opinion—especially as it regards the Greek orators, to whom he principally referred—is, I think, correct, and well worthy of the adoption of all public speakers. I finished the plays of Æschylus last session, and I scarcely know how to speak of them in moderate terms. Though deficient in dramatic propriety, they exhibit a daring sublimity and majesty of conception which—at least in my opinion—has never been transcended. Some of the chorusses would suffer little from a comparison with the finest burst even of Shakspeare. In the 'Persæ' he gives a description of the sea fight of Salamis, which throws the reader back two thousand years, and makes him an eye-witness of the combat. No merely human composition ever seized more strongly upon my mind. The poet describes to you first the stillness of the preceding evening, interrupted occasionally by the dash of the Persian oar. But when the first beam of the morning kindles in the east, the war-cry of the Greeks is raised on high. The crash of the brazen prows,—the

fierce and momentous struggle for empire on the one side, and freedom on the other,—are vividly described, till at length the pæan of victory cleaves the heavens. The whole scene is, I think, the most animated, vigorous, and eloquent passage that I ever read.

‘These literary pleasures, however, and the consciousness that I am endeavouring to prepare myself for future usefulness, are the only enjoyments I possess. From the exquisite delights of social and domestic life I am wholly excluded. I am almost as completely isolated as if I were

‘A godly eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen.’

How often do I recall the few but happy days I spent with you, and my dear aunt, a twelvemonth ago! John Bunyan tells us that the ‘Valley of Ease’ was very small, and the pilgrims soon passed through it. The idea is no less true than beautiful. If all my time passed along in as happy and unclouded a manner as it did at your delightful home, I should be too enamoured of life, too unwilling to leave it. A ‘few sunny spots’ smile in the wilderness of life; sunny indeed, but few! Yet I must not suffer myself to spend my time in looking back with fond regret upon the past, instead of preparing myself for the high and holy duties of the future. My impression of the difficulty of the undertaking in which I have embarked grows stronger and stronger. If it were a matter which required nothing more than the strenuous exertion of the intellectual powers, it would be comparatively easy. But there are ‘principalities and powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickednesses in high places.’ Against these invisible, yet powerful and malignant foes, the weapons of earth are impotent and useless. Yet, my dearest uncle, it is consolatory to remember that there is likewise ‘the whole armour of God,’ whose heavenly force is irresistible. When I think of the feeble instruments which the Omnipotent condescends to employ, I feel comforted and invigorated. If the profession I have chosen be arduous and responsible, it is, at the same time, the most noble and godlike that a created being can engage in. If I am indeed a faithful, humble, and zealous minister of the everlasting Gospel, then am I a fellow-labourer with martyrs and apostles and evangelists, a co-operator with the seraphim of glory, and even with the Redeemer and Intercessor himself. The whole universe seems to smile upon the faithful servant, and also to frown upon ‘the hireling.’—pp. 8—10.

Writing to the same kind and much-loved relative, under date ‘March 16, 1827,’ he expresses himself thus:—

‘It has often struck me that it will form no inconsiderable part of the happiness of the future state, to unravel the mysteries that perplex us in this infancy of our existence. My mind kindles at the idea of seeing the shades and mists that surround us in this world rolled away from the prospect of an emancipated spirit, and the

wisdom, harmony, and benevolence of the Divine administration revealed in unclouded light. We shall look back with something like astonishment at the dimness and imperfection of our present knowledge, and exult in the solution of those moral enigmas which now defy our keenest penetration. And there is awful solemnity in the consideration of the future anguish of those who here reject the salvation of God, on account of apparent difficulties which will then be removed,—who stumble at mysteries which will then be 'clear as the ethereal firmament.' But this is too terrible an idea to be dwelt upon.

'In divinity I have read since I saw you, Howe's 'Blessedness of the Righteous,' 'Self-dedication,' and 'Redeemer's Tears wept over lost Souls.' They are all of them pregnant with interest and instruction, and the first of them is a perfect repertory of grand and magnificent thoughts. One is almost inclined to believe that the incomparable author must have ascended to the paradise on high, and heard the anthems of worshipping seraphim, before he wrote this extraordinary treatise. If you have not read it, you will call this assertion wild hyperbole; if you have, you will probably think it not much above the sobriety of truth.'—ib. pp. 17, 18.

In some of these extracts, and still more in some of the letters we have not cited, there is a tinge of sadness and depression which mingles painfully with the otherwise bright and buoyant stream of the writer's thoughts and feelings. On this head his biographer has some admirable remarks, which, in justice both to him and to his subject, we must cite.

'It is evident (says he) from the passages already quoted, and many others occurring in his correspondence, that he was often visited by very sad and desponding feelings of another class, arising from other sources than the speculative difficulties which so frequently constitute the peculiar trial, and call forth the grave contemplativeness of the well-informed Christian, and which might easily have been pushed to a fatal extreme in the mind of a highly imaginative and susceptible youth unsupported by the higher resources of intelligence and piety. It may be questioned if the deification of the world with which the majority of young men are chargeable, while the dreams and illusions of life are yet unscathed and unbroken, is calculated to produce more disastrous results than feelings such as those which we find for a length of time indicated in Morell's correspondence. While I do not know, and do not desire to know, much less to reveal, all the private sorrows by which his young heart was assailed, I have no idea that, in giving such frequent expression to the pensive melancholy of his soul as Morell has done in his earlier letters, he was prompted by anything falsely fastidious, or by that pride of imaginary grief which leads some young men to pronounce themselves extremely miserable, as Wordsworth has it,

'In luxury of disrespect
To their own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.'

He was not one who strains himself to look at every thing from an unnatural point of view. There is a simple earnestness and force in the above and many similar passages which convinces us that they were dictated by the genuine feelings of a sickening and troubled spirit, grown only too familiar with 'those moods of premature gloom and speculation which so often cloud the dawn of illustrious manhood,' and brooding over sorrows which he felt it his duty to keep locked up in the recesses of his own sensitive heart.* But while the grace of God maintained his religious faith unshaken, there were materials stout and solid enough in his mental constitution to resist the evils by which his susceptibilities were now assailed; and desolate and unsupported as his condition appeared to be, he remained 'true to himself.' His present experience doubtless proved, on the whole, a wholesome discipline to his mind, and served to develop and mature in him some of the higher elements of character which might otherwise have been less prominent and decided. It is cheering and instructive to mark in those familiar letters—which, as affording an interesting and undisguised insight into his mind and feelings at this period, we have given nearly entire—that resolute temper, that native force and elasticity of character, which remained with him in every situation, and enabled him successfully to grapple with some of the sternest, saddest realities of practical life; and above all, how the buoyant spirit of Christian confidence still showed itself unconquered, even amidst the thickening gloom of worldly cares

' "turning the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own." '—pp. xlvii.—xlix.

Mr. Mackenzie left Wymondley in 1829; and in the same year entered the university of Glasgow at the commencement of the winter session. He devoted himself to Greek and logic, under professors Sandford and Buchanan; and at its close he carried away the first prize in the logic class, and the third in the Greek—distinctions all the more valuable that they were gained notwithstanding the formidable competition of some of the ablest students then at Glasgow. Returning from college, the summer and autumn were spent partly in the bosom of his family at St. Neots, and partly at Leicester, where he assisted the Rev. Mr. Mitchell for some weeks. At the commencement of the next session he was again in Glasgow, where he joined the moral philosophy and senior mathematical classes. 'In the latter class,' says his biographer, 'he exhibited respectable proficiency; but the former, as well from the nature of the studies it prescribed, as from the eminent abilities of professor Mylne, peculiarly interested him. He applied himself to the business of the class, and took the first prizes in it with that easy superiority of genius which rendered

* Sir E. Bulwer in *Life of Schiller*.

competition hopeless.' A third session, that of 1831—32, completed his attendance at the university; it was devoted to natural philosophy, and to preparation for passing the examination prescribed for those who would take the degree of M.A. Having secured this object, he, before leaving Scotland, sought to recruit his health, which had been somewhat impaired by his winter labours, by visiting the sublime and impressive scenery of the Western Highlands. Of this tour he gives the following brief but animated account in a letter to his uncle, Dr. Addington:—

'On the last day of April, I set out with a fellow-student on a short excursion into the Highlands. We climbed Benlomond,—went through Glen-Croe and Glen-Kinlass to Cairn-Dhu,—rowed ourselves down Loch-Fyne to Inverary, and saw the Duke of Argyle's castle and grounds,—circumnavigated Loch-Lomond,—walked ten miles on the banks of Loch-Katrine,—explored the Trosachs, and visited Ellen's Isle,—footed it to Callender along the shore of Loch Venachar,—went to Bracklinn Bridge,—and finally separated at Doune, he marching off to Stirling on his way to some relations in Fife, and I proceeding to Dunblane to spend a week with Dr. W—— and his family. As for describing what I saw and felt, the attempt would be quite ridiculous. Even the 'Lady of the Lake' had not prepared me for any thing so transcendently beautiful and glorious. For several nights after, my dreams were so crowded with scenes of fairy loveliness and awful grandeur, that I woke in the morning exhausted rather than refreshed. Even now I cannot give myself up to the thought of those heavenly scenes without feeling my cheeks beginning to flush. While we were on the top of Benlomond, after a full blaze of sunshine which lighted up every feature of that undescribed, indescribable scenery, a magnificent snow-storm swept over the mountain and the lake beneath, and finally was lost among the hills on the opposite side. After this came slowly rolling up an enormous volume of white, cloudy vapour, the sight of which was really awful. On the Thursday, we had a delightful Elysian morning for rowing about Loch Katrine; and all that Paradisaic scenery seemed arrayed in its most glorious beauty to receive us. I can't help saying that that morning was spent in the third heaven. But it is of no use to write another syllable about it, when the

'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,'

would scarcely be adequate to the subject. After spending a most delightful week at Dunblane, I sailed, or rather set out in a steam-packet from Edinburgh on Tuesday last. We arrived at Blackwall in forty-six hours—one of the quickest passages they had ever made.'—*Ib.* pp. 82, 83.

In the spring of 1833, Mr. Mackenzie settled at Poole, as co-pastor with the Rev. T. Durant. His ordination took place on

the 10th of April; and in this important sphere of labour he continued with much happiness to himself, and not without tokens of the Divine favour for four years. He left it in 1837, to become co-pastor with the late Mr. Ewing, of the Congregational church, meeting in Nile Street Chapel, Glasgow. From this church he received an unanimous invitation, in April of that year, and his induction to the office of pastor took place on the 3rd of August following. In this new and enlarged sphere of action, he was not long of securing the approbation of judicious and thoughtful hearers, and he was encouraged from time to time by indications that God was making the message proclaimed by him useful for the salvation of souls.

‘No one (says his biographer) capable of appreciating real talent could listen to Mr. Mackenzie’s preaching without feeling strongly the contrast between his fine learning, his rich and varied powers of expression, his disciplined energy of thought and creative power of imagination, and that species of declamation which, while it makes the least possible demand on the reasoning powers, and is wide apart from anything like good and correct taste, so often passes current with the multitude for eloquence. His style of preaching presented eloquence arrayed in the chaste habiliments of good taste, never swelling into extravagance or turgid verbosity, but putting to flight all associations of feebleness and inadequacy. A sentiment seemed to prevail in some quarters that he did not sufficiently accommodate himself to his audience; that he was apt to indulge in critical and abstract discussions, and evinced too great fondness for the more debated points of theological science. This may have been the objection of those who could not deliver up their minds to the speaker, but allowed themselves to be repelled by the weight and energy of his reasoning and reflection: for while his discourses were always admirable for the force of thought and close consecutive reasoning, they were more than usually intelligible, from the clearness of his argumentation and the precision and transparency of his language. Sometimes, indeed, though rarely, his richly stored mind gave birth to trains of thought, and illustrations as natural as thought itself to him, the beauty and propriety of which were in close adaptation only to the cultivated taste and thoughtful intellect.’—pp. ci. cii.

In the summer of 1838, Mr. Mackenzie was united in marriage with Miss Joanna Gordon Trotter, younger daughter of the late General Trotter—a union which, whilst it brought him an increase of worldly means, ministered to him a still higher degree of happiness from the society of one to whom he was deeply attached, and whose affectionate kindness he strongly felt. Shortly after this event he resigned his pastoral charge, to devote himself exclusively to the work of tuition in the Theological Seminary at Glasgow, connected with the Congre-

gational churches of Scotland. For the duties of this office he was eminently fitted; and they were also extremely congenial to his own tastes and habits. His biographer, after remarking that 'a wiser choice could not have been made,' goes on to state his qualifications for the office.

'Mr. Mackenzie's learning was at once sound and affluent. On all the elementary branches of Biblical science he possessed the information and facilities of a ripe and exact scholar; and in those resources of copious and varied erudition which impart so much grace and life to scholastic prelections, but which only a tenacious memory and discriminative taste can command, he was perhaps without a rival among scholars of his years and standing. These qualities and qualifications were under the controul of an understanding of first-rate powers,—at once vigorous, profound, and comprehensive; and the whole was tempered with fervent piety, without which the most profound and varied learning, in union with the most brilliant talents, will not make a judicious scriptural critic. His views of what was essential to a sound education for the ministry were—as might have been expected—of a very enlarged and scholar-like kind; and he freely admitted that he held notions on this subject which he knew would in some quarters be condemned as absurdly extravagant.'—p. cxi.

In this honourable and useful service Mr. Mackenzie was actively employed, himself increasingly delighted with his occupations, and gathering 'golden opinions' from all who observed him in his work—when it pleased a mysterious Providence suddenly to call him to his reward in a better world. On the 19th of July, 1843, he left Leith by the steam packet, for Hull, intending to visit his parents at Bedford, where he was advertised to preach on the 23rd. When leaving home, he seemed to be under some sort of presentiment of calamity; for, after taking leave of his wife, he returned again and again to repeat his farewell, and at last tore himself away from her with a marked sadness that seemed anticipative of evil. Alas! ere another day had passed, the sad tidings had reached his partner that he was gone, and that she should see his face no more upon earth. In the middle of the night the vessel had struck upon the Goldstone rock, and very shortly afterwards had gone to the bottom, carrying to a watery grave all who were on board, with the exception of six. Between the striking of the vessel and her going down, the interval was not more than twenty minutes. How this was employed by Mr. Mackenzie, let his biographer tell.

'When last seen by one of the few survivors, he was engaged in prayer on the quarter-deck. 'I heard,' he says, "the minister who

was on board [Mr. Mackenzie] call to those around him, that as there was no hope of safety, they should engage in prayer. He then began to pray, the rest of the passengers kneeling around him. He was as cool and collected as I am now; and the others were praying too, but his voice was raised above the rest.' Such is the statement given by a party of the name of Baillie, one of six men who contrived to keep themselves afloat until five o'clock of the morning, when they were picked up by the Martello steamer, on her passage from Hull to Leith.—p. cxxxiii.

The remarks which follow are so just and impressive, that we must quote them entire.

'The manner in which Mr. Mackenzie's last moments are thus known to have been occupied not only set the stamp of sincerity on his Christian profession, but signally illustrated the true force and genuine beauty of his character. He was by nature as well as grace a strong-minded, brave-hearted man; yet it is more easy to conceive than to express the conflicting emotions, the hurried and vivid remembrances of home and friends, which must have rushed upon his soul in that bitter moment, when, with life beating strong in his pulses, the full extent of the impending danger, and the awful consciousness of inevitable death revealed itself to him. But faith, that faith which it was the grand object of his life to maintain and diffuse, gifted him with a fortitude mightier than all the terrors which surrounded him. His God had spoken to him the words, 'Peace, be still;' and while his feelings were gushing forth to those far away, with unsubdued energy of mind, and a voice unfaltering, he committed himself and all around him to that Saviour who is the only hope of perishing sinners. A more touching picture of Christian heroism can scarcely be imagined. It was a sight for glorified spirits to look down upon with admiration, and its memory is as consolatory as touching. It was the realization of a wish early expressed by him, in a letter to one of his sisters from Wymondley: 'O that we could all of us detach ourselves from the world, and feel ready at a moment's warning to give up our spirits into the hands of Him who made them!' We have no record of his last words: we can imagine only the solemn energy and thrilling pathos of that prayer uttered for himself and others as death increased upon them. But who shall say that his last firm and persuasive accents may not have been blessed to the conversion and salvation of some who knelt around him in that sad and fearful scene; and that on the day when the dispensations of a righteous and unerring Providence are vindicated, and the whole counsels of Heaven fulfilled, it may not be found that his latest were his most useful moments on earth? We know that their influence has been widely, and, we trust, permanently felt; and whatever results may flow from them, it is no mean solace to the grief of friends to be assured that he maintained his claims on their admiration and regard to the last; that his dying moments were worthy the last scene of such a life; and that by universal consent it is allowed that

in that fatal wreck there perished a TRULY GOOD AND GREAT MAN.'—
ib. p. cxxxiii—cxxxv.

Of Mr. Rogers' estimate of the intellectual character of his friend, we can give no extracts, simply because it is one of those entire and gem-like sketches that do not admit of being exhibited in specimen. We wish our limits would admit of our giving the whole of it; but this is impossible. Our brief remaining space must be consecrated to the following extracts from letters written by Mr. Mackenzie, on the death of friends, and breathing sentiments to which his own departure gives peculiar impressiveness and interest.

On the occasion of the death of his uncle Addington, he thus writes :—

'It comforts me greatly to think that my dear uncle's matured preparation for eternity will be to you, as it is even now to me, a source of unfailing consolation and thankfulness. Oh! how the departure of the good man teaches us the value of the soul, and the preciousness of that faith which made him 'die in the Lord!' To you, my dear aunt, it will be a sacred privilege to remember how he walked with God, trusting in the blood of the Lamb, and praying with all prayer in the Spirit. Such recollections, too, are not only privileges of comfort, but privileges of admonition. They show us the way of righteousness more clearly; and invite us to be 'followers of those who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises.' They are strong attractions heavenwards. The pain that is mingled with them will not endure for ever; but the blessings which they bring grow dearer and more precious every hour. May the great Comforter give you to experience their richest influence!'—pp. 139, 140.

The following are from letters occasioned by the death of Mr. Ewing:

'How shall I express the feelings with which I received the intelligence of dear Mr. Ewing's decease? I had left home early in the forenoon, to attend a lecture in Edinburgh, and therefore did not see the intimation till the evening. But as I was walking through the streets of Edinburgh, an individual, whom I did not know, accosted me by name, and told me all at once. You may conceive—what I cannot describe—the shock which such a communication gave to me. Often as I had been compelled to think that the departure of our beloved and venerated friend could not be very far distant, I had never realized it as actually near; least of all had I thought, when I saw him so lately at Leith, that I saw him for the last time in life. He then seemed stronger and more cheerful than I had hoped to find him. But 'the will of the Lord be done.' For *his* sake, my dearest friend, we cannot lament the change. Surely, amidst all the natural and irrepressible sorrowings of our own hearts,

we cannot help rejoicing at the vast and everlasting gain which one so dear has now obtained. The days of suffering and the 'wearisome nights' are over. The fears, anxieties, dejections, and troubles of that tender spirit, are all healed and gone for ever. That voice, which we have so often heard trembling and broken with excess of feeling, will henceforth be employed only in singing the praise of God amidst the joys of eternity. The heart which, like Eli's, so often 'trembled for the ark of the Lord,' will now, with 'principalities and powers in heavenly places,' be filled with holy and rapturous astonishment at the glorious things which await the church of the Redeemer. The Sabbaths on earth—in which he was so prone to labour beyond his strength—are now exchanged for 'the rest which remaineth for the people of God,' where his servants serve Him, and see his face, and 'grieve and sin no more.' To our beloved friend, then, the day of death was better than the day of his birth; and we may well 'comfort one another with these words.'—pp. 156, 157.

'Yes,' he again wrote to his aunt Addington, 'there is something of heaven in the belief that a beloved friend is there! Pain, weakness, sorrow, fear, temptation, doubt, sin, death, the second death itself, all sunk to an infinite depth below the blessed dwelling-place of those who died in the Lord; and glory such as the imagination of our hearts can never here conceive, their certain portion for ever! The 'few and evil days' are well exchanged for the Sabbath of eternity. That rest, moreover, remains for *all* the people of God, for *us*, therefore, if we are cleaving to the Lord with purpose of heart. So that we are going to those who have been born into immortality, though they cannot return to us. And which were better?—to bring a blessed spirit down to mortality and sinfulness again; or ourselves to press forward with alacrity and patience, fulfilling our course, and looking for the 'exceeding great reward?' The apostle has answered for us, when he calls the final resuscitation of the saints 'a better resurrection' than that which restored their darling children to the Shunamite, and the widow of Sarepta. These, my dear aunt, are 'words' with which we may well 'comfort one another.' May 'God who comforteth those that are cast down,' and Christ who came 'to comfort all that mourn,' and the Holy Spirit whose name is 'the Comforter,' support and bless you more and more, even to the end!'—pp. 164, 165.

We cannot conclude this brief notice without adding an expression of our hope that this volume may yet be given to the public. We wish it were in the hands of every student of theology at our colleges.

- Art. VII. 1. *Logic: Designed as an Introduction to the Study of Reasoning.* By John Leechman, A.M. 2nd. Edition, enlarged and improved. Glasgow: J. Maclehose. pp. 276.
2. *Exercises in Logic: Designed for the use of Students in Colleges.* By J. T. Gray, Ph. D. London: Taylor and Walton. pp. 148.

MR. LEECHMAN'S unpretending volume contains as large an amount of matter as many a goodly octavo; and the student who makes himself master of its contents will have attained no inconsiderable knowledge of the art and science of logic. The author has not aimed at producing an original work, but rather at presenting the combined and condensed results of the labours of his predecessors. 'It is intended,' Mr. Leechman tells us, 'as a convenient introduction to this branch of knowledge, and is more particularly suited for those who are entering on the study of mental philosophy. It traces the history of the science of reasoning from the earliest period to the present time; it unfolds its fundamental principles and rules, accompanied with appropriate illustrations: and points out at considerable length, its application to practical purposes.'

A student who wishes for a solid knowledge of the subject will not content himself with any compendium, how excellent soever, but will have recourse to original writers, and make his own compendium. But for those who desire to confine their logical studies to a single volume, we are not aware of any book likely to be more suitable and useful than the volume before us. The necessity for such a work, however, was not sufficiently urgent to disarm criticism, as to the style of its execution; and we are sorry that we cannot award to Mr. Leechman's performance unqualified praise. His attempt to refute the views of the last distinguished writer on logic,—Mr. J. S. Mill, does not appear to us at all successful. In our review of Mr. Mill's great work, we pointed out at some length what we ventured to consider the errors of his theory of syllogism, and also of Archbishop Whateley's. We shall not therefore enter on the subject here, farther than to observe, that in a real syllogism, the conclusion follows from the premises conjointly, not from either of them alone; and that while Mr. Leechman, or any other logician, persists in regarding as a real syllogism such a train of thought as: 'All men are mortal; the Duke of Wellington is a man; *therefore* the Duke of Wellington is mortal:' he will find it very difficult to evade the charge of *petitio principii* urged by Mr. Mill. And the defective view of the *dictum de omni*, which brings in the notion of classification, (see p. 81,) is almost sure to lead to the use of such trifling mock-examples. We are much surprized that after studying (as we presume he has done,)

Mr. Mill's elaborate work,' Mr. Leechman should give such an account of Induction as that contained in his chapter on 'the Province of Logic.' Induction, we are gravely assured, is not a process of *inference*, but a '*process of investigation*,' by which we do not '*draw conclusions*,' but '*obtain new facts*.' Can any clear-headed man really satisfy himself by such verbal mystification? The very question to be settled, is, whether the '*process of investigation*, by which we obtain new facts,' or, more correctly, infer general propositions from particular ones, be not as truly a process of reasoning as syllogistic deduction. We could not have imagined that the writer of this chapter had ever seen Mr. Mill's volumes.

We must add, that Mr. Leechman's style would admit of improvement. Clearness and accuracy are of the first moment in treating such a subject; and too many of the sentences are wanting in one or both of these qualities. *e. g.* 'The categories were given as a complete enumeration of everything that can be expressed without composition and structure.' (p. 44.) 'It must be evident, that whatever is affirmatively predicated of *another* must express some relation that *it* bears to *that object*.' (p. 45.) Instances might easily be multiplied.

Dr. Gray's little volume is admirably adapted to be used as a class-book, accompanied by the instructions of an able teacher. And this, we presume, is what the author aimed at, rather than a complete treatise. The explanations are very concise, but in general clear and accurate. The examples are numerous and well-chosen. The author expresses, as his guiding principle, the conviction, 'that a practical skill in logic can only be attained by a practical acquaintance with its rules.' In this we fully concur; and we think such a work as this was much wanted. The plan and general execution are excellent; but several minor points appear to us to need revision. The explanation of 'Contradictories' (pp. 3, 26) seems defective. The positive idea, 'to deserve *ill*,' is surely not equivalent to the negative one, 'not to deserve well.' The subject of 'generalizations' should, it seems to us, be treated of before speaking of genus and species, and predicables; and a section, or chapter, should be given on classification, indicating the different principles of natural and arbitrary classification. Most books on logic tend to confound the two; whereas it might easily be shown that the observance of this distinction is essential to a sound system of logic. We could wish something said of the relation of subaltern propositions, under which head the *mock-syllogisms* we before alluded to would be discussed. Indeed, the whole subject of the *substitution* of propositions merits much more attention than is commonly given to it. In his reference

to induction, Dr. Gray takes the common, and as we cannot but think, incorrect, view. He does not distinguish clearly between the process of induction, and a deductive argument founded on an induction.

We throw out these hints with a view to a second edition, which this useful little volume will doubtless command. We may add, that in that case, the author would do well, we think, to reconsider his solution of the hour-and-minute-hand puzzle. It is most singular that he should think he has succeeded in putting it into a syllogistic form, when his so-called major premiss ends with 'for, etc., etc.' Which 'etc., etc.,' if it stand for anything, must stand for the whole puzzle, only in a general form. The solution adopted by Mr. Mill appears to us the correct one.

Art. VIII. *Memoirs of the Court of Charles the Second, by Count Grammont, With numerous Additions and Illustrations, as Edited by Sir Walter Scott. Also the Personal History of Charles, including the King's own Account of his Escape and Preservation after the Battle of Worcester, as dictated to Pepys. And the Boscobel Tracts, Or, Contemporary Narratives of His Majesty's Adventures, from the Murder of his Father to the Restoration.* London: Henry G. Bohn. 1846.

MR. BOHN has done wisely in not including the 'Memoirs of Count Grammont,' in his 'Standard Library.' It would have been better not to have printed the work at all, at least in the cheap and attractive style in which it is here supplied. In form and price, the volume is precisely similar to those of the 'Standard Library,' the only difference being in the colour of the binding. The general circulation of such a work can do no good. It is not a book for the many, and is specially unsuited to the young. The gracefulness of its style, the vivacity of its sketches, and the delusive charm which it throws over the frivolities and vices it depicts, renders it one of the worst books in our language, for general use. We could name others more gross in their style, and less reserved in their delineations, which, in our judgment, are comparatively innocuous. The very qualities which attract and please, and on the ground of which Gibbon, by a disreputable oblivion of the moral sense, described these Memoirs as 'a classic work, the delight of every man and woman of taste,' only strengthen our objection to their being put into a wider circulation than their historical value renders expedient. Mr. Bohn was aware of this objection, though not

fully apprized of its force, and therefore admits in guarded terms, that it is 'too much embued with the leaven of Charles the Second's days to suit the severer code of the present age.' He has consequently printed it in a separate series under a distinct title, deeming its exclusion somewhat prudish, yet deferring to what he believes to be the expediency of the case. 'The publisher feels,' he tells us, 'that the subscribers to his 'Standard Library,' after having been led on by such samples of intentions, as the works of Robert Hall, Roscoe, Schlegel and Sismondi, with the prospect of others of the same sterling character, have a right to count upon his not altering the tone of that series by including anything which may not unhesitatingly be put into the hands of the most fastidious; and they have some evidence of his wish to deserve such confidence by the course now pursued.'

Now we have no disposition to deny the historical value of the work, though we believe this to have been greatly overrated. In this respect the Memoirs have their worth. They reflect the character of the court of Charles II, with more fullness than any other work of the period, shew us the interior of royal life, and prove how much our morality and religion had gained by the Restoration. It is a sad and revolting spectacle which is delineated, wherein all the worst features of our nature have prominence, and the brighter and redeeming ones are rarely visible. The Count himself, a Frenchman by birth and training, was a fitting type of the class; and the scenes he describes were England's disgrace and curse. The divines who speak and preach of 'the blessed restoration,' may read his Memoirs with advantage, but the generality of readers have no occasion for, and can derive no benefit from, the criminal amours and heartless perfidy which they detail. The 'Memoires de Grammont,' says Mr. Hallam, 'are known to every body, and are almost unique in their kind, not only for the grace of their style and the vivacity of their pictures, but for the happy ignorance in which the author seems to have lived, that any one of his readers could imagine that there are such things as virtue and principle in the world. In the delirium of thoughtless voluptuousness they resemble some of the memoirs about the end of Louis the Fifteenth's reign, and somewhat later; though I think, even in these, there is generally some effort, here and there, at moral censure, or some affectation of sensibility.*

To the historical student the work was already accessible, and the interests of morality and of healthful literature, would have been best consulted by no effort being made to give it more extensive currency. We have been constrained to say thus

* Constitutional Hist. vol. ii. p. 479.

much from our sincere desire for the success of Mr. Bohn's 'Standard Library,' and hope we shall not have occasion again to prefer a similar complaint. Nominally, the present volume does not belong to this series, and we shall be glad to find that its circulation presents no temptation to the publisher to repeat the experiment. A biographical sketch of Antony Hamilton, the brother-in-law of Count Grammont and the author of his *Memoirs* is appropriately prefixed. The work itself is probably but little known to our readers, and we may therefore add that the first visit of the Count to England was during the protectorship of Cromwell, of whom he speaks as, 'equally famous for his crimes and his elevation,' a 'man, whose ambition had opened him a way to sovereign power by the greatest crimes.' This language was perfectly natural to a courtier of Louis XIV, though it will probably now awaken only a smile. We are not surprized to learn that the Chevalier speedily returned to France having as we are informed 'acquired nothing by this voyage, but the idea of some merit in a profligate man, and the admiration of some concealed beauties he had found means to discover.' His second visit was about two years after the Restoration when he informs us 'nothing was to be seen among them, (the courtiers,) but an emulation in glory, politeness and virtue.' There is little of historical value in the work, and we shall therefore dismiss it with a brief extract descriptive of the Duke of Monmouth as he appeared on his first introduction to Court. It is from an eye witness, and as subsequent events proved, is minutely accurate.

'The Duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles the Second, now made his first appearance in his father's court: his entrance upon the stage of the world was so brilliant, his ambition had occasioned so many considerable events, and the particulars of his tragical end are so recent, that it were needless to produce any other traits to give a sketch of his character. By the whole tenor of his life, he appeared to be rash in his undertakings, irresolute in the execution, and dejected in his misfortunes, in which, at least, an undaunted resolution ought to equal the greatness of the attempt.

'His figure, and the exterior graces of his person were such, that nature, perhaps, never formed any thing more complete; his face was extremely handsome; and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate; each feature having its beauty and peculiar delicacy: he had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise, an engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur: in a word, he possessed every personal advantage; but then, he was greatly deficient in mental accomplishments. He had no sentiments but such as others inspired him with; and those who first insinuated themselves into his friendship took care to inspire him with none but such as were pernicious. The astonishing beauty of his outward form caused universal admiration: those who before were

looked upon as handsome, were now entirely forgotten at court ; and all the gay and beautiful of the fair sex were at his devotion. He was particularly beloved by the king ; but the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This, however, did not long continue ; for nature not having endowed him with qualifications to secure the possession of the heart, the fair sex soon perceived the defect.—pp. 294, 295.

The other contents of the volume are far more valuable. They consist of a personal history of Charles II., compiled from various authorities ; the king's account of his escape after the battle of Worcester, as dictated by himself to Pepys ; and the Boscobel tracts, written by Thomas Blount, illustrative of the same period, which are amongst the most interesting and scarce historical pamphlets of the seventeenth century. Each of these three is worth perusal, and a few extracts from the second cannot fail to be acceptable.

Our readers are well aware of the circumstances which preceded this narrative. Prince Charles, at the head of a Scotch force, having passed the English border, advanced rapidly towards Worcester, whither he was followed by Cromwell, with a determination to bring him as speedily as possible to a decisive engagement. This occurred on the celebrated 3rd of September, and the hopes of the son were extinguished, as those of the father had been at Naseby. His personal safety became immediately his sole object. He was in the heart of the kingdom ; a large reward was offered for his apprehension, and vigilant foes, whom it was difficult to evade, tracked his course. In such circumstances escape appeared hopeless ; and it is no slight honour to the English character that though his person was recognised by many, he was betrayed by none. Having disguised himself 'in a country fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary grey cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin,' he first resolved to make his way on foot to London, but afterwards changed his mind, and proceeded towards the Severn, in hope of reaching Swansea, and thence proceeding to France. A narrow escape, of which the following account is given, was experienced at this early stage.

'So that night, as soon as it was dark, Richard Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry, half-way between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night, we came by a mill where I heard some people talking (Memorandum, that I had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderell's houses, I not going in), and as we conceived, it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country fellow desired me not to answer if any body should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country.

'Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed,

sitting at the mill door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, 'Who goes there?' Upon which Richard Penderell answered, 'Neighbours going home' or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down.' Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close; and he ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, 'Rogues, rogues!' And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed were soldiers: so we fell a-running, both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep, and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if anybody followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn; where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolfe, that lived in that town, where I might be with great safety: for that he had hiding-places for priests.'—pp. 459, 460.

Assuming shortly afterwards a somewhat better habit, he proceeded towards Bristol, as serving-man to a Mrs. Lane, the sister of a royalist officer. In this part of the journey an amusing incident occurred.

'We had not,' says the narrative, 'gone two hours on our way but the mare I rode on cast a shoe; so we were forced to ride to get another shoe at a scattering village, whose name begins with something like Long—. And as I was holding my horse's foot, I asked the smith what news? He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues the Scots. I asked him whether there was none of the English taken that joined with the Scots? He answered, that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stewart was taken; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stewart. I told him, that if that rogue were taken, he deserved to be hanged, more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said, that I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted.'—p. 464.

A more serious danger speedily threatened which must have taxed, to the very utmost, the self-possession of the fugitive. Happily, however, he was surrounded by faithful men whom no bribe could tempt. The readers of romance would find it difficult to surpass the following.

'The next night we lay at Cirencester; and so from thence to Mr. Norton's house, beyond Bristol, where, as soon as ever I came, Mrs. Lane called the butler of the house, a very honest fellow, whose name was Pope, and had served Tom Jermyn, a groom of my bedchamber, when I was a boy at Richmond; she bade him to take care of William Jackson, for that was my name, as having been lately sick of an ague, whereof she said I was still weak, and not quite recovered. And the truth is, my late fatigues, and want of meat, had indeed made me look

a little pale; besides this, Pope had been a trooper in the king my father's army; but I was not to be known in that house for any thing but Mrs. Lane's servant.

'Memorandum—That one Mr. Lassells, a cousin of Mrs. Lane's, went all the way with us, from Colonel Lane's, on horseback, single, I riding before Mrs. Lane.

'Pope, the butler, took great care of me that night, I not eating, as I should have done, with the servants, upon account of my not being well.

'The next morning I arose pretty early, having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery-hatch to get my breakfast; where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him how he came to give so good an account of that battle, he told me he was in the king's regiment; by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment. But, questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what a kind of man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then looking upon me, he told me that the king was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me, as being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's.

'So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it Mrs. Norton was coming by through it; upon which, I plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand, as she passed by, that Pope looked very earnestly in my face. But I took no notice of it, but put on my hat again, and went away, walking out of the house into the field.

'I had not been out half an hour, but coming back I went up to the chamber where I lay; and just as I came thither, Mr. Lassells came to me, and in a little trouble said, 'What shall we do! I am afraid Pope knows you; for he says very positively to me that it is you, but I have denied it.' Upon which I presently, without more ado, asked him whether he was a very honest man or no? Whereto he answering me that he knew him to be so honest a fellow that he durst trust him with his life, as having been always on our side, I thought it better to trust him, than go away leaving that suspicion upon him; and thereupon sent for Pope, and told him, that I was very glad to meet him there, and would trust him with my life as an old acquaintance. Upon which, being a discreet fellow, he asked me what I intended to do; for, says he, I am extremely happy I know you, for otherwise you might run great danger in this house. For though my master and mistress are good people, yet there are at this time one or two in it that are very great rogues; and I think I can be useful to you in any thing you will command me. Upon which I told him my design of getting a ship, if

possible, at Bristol; and to that end, bade him go that very day immediately to Bristol, to see if there were any ships going either to Spain or France, that I might get a passage away in.'—pp. 465—467.

Finding that the passages on the Severn were too closely watched to allow of his entering Wales, and that no vessel for France would be leaving Bristol for a month, the prince was compelled to alter his route, and determined on proceeding towards Dorsetshire, in the hope of escaping from one of its ports. With this view he reached Lyme, and concealed himself in a neighbouring village, where, however, he was again disappointed, and whence he removed to Burport, in expectation of sailing in a trading vessel on the following night. In this short removal, the self-possession of the prince was severely taxed on two occasions; but, however, he failed in other matters; he was singularly qualified for effecting an escape from perils which would have bewildered wiser men. He tells us:—

'So Frank Windham, and Mrs. Coningsby and I, went in the morning, on horseback, away to Burport; and just as we came into the town, I could see the streets full of red-coats, Cromwell's soldiers, being a regiment of Colonel Haynes's, viz. fifteen hundred men going to embark to take Jersey, at which Frank Windham was very much startled, and asked me what I would do? I told him that we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done; because we should otherways miss my Lord Wilmot, in case we went anywhere else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in among them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did; and they were very angry with me for my rudeness.

'As soon as I came into the stable I took the bridle off the horses, and called the hostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the hostler was helping me to feed the horses, 'Sure, Sir,' says the hostler, 'I know your face?' which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him, where he had lived—whether he had always lived there or no? He told me, that he was but newly come thither; that he was born in Exeter, and had been hostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain in the time of war: so I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, 'Friend, certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year.' 'O!' says he, 'then I remember you a boy there;' and with that was put off from thinking any more on it; but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together; which I excused, by saying, that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him. But told him, that my master was going for London, and would return about

three weeks hence, when he would lie there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him.'—pp. 470, 471.

At length the royal fugitive reached Brighton, and effected his escape in a small vessel, the captain of which instantly recognised him, as well as the landlord of the inn at which he supped. What would have been the effect of their discovering him to the authorities it is now vain to inquire. The nation required the bitter experience which was learnt between 1660 and 1688. It was to be disgraced, and to feel itself disgraced, before the eyes of Europe. The iron was to enter into its soul, and its noblest spirits to be cast out, imprisoned, and beheaded. For all this the life of Charles was needful, and it was therefore preserved as the disgrace and curse of the empire. We have happily outlived some of the follies of our fathers. Others yet survive, but let us hope that such another lesson will never be again required.

The narrative from which we have extracted is fraught with the deepest romance, and will be read at all times, and by all classes, with more than the interest of the strangest fiction. Mr. Bohn would do wisely to separate the 'Memoirs' from the other contents of the volume.

Art. IX.—*The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh.* In 3 vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

THESE volumes belong in part to the recent series of splendid republications from the Edinburgh Review, and will be received with favour and thankfulness by a numerous class of readers. The separate publication of review articles has, till lately, been deemed too hazardous a speculation even for our most adventurous booksellers; and the consequence has been that a large mass of profound philosophy, accurate scholarship, varied literature, and splendid rhetoric, has lain entombed amongst the almost numberless volumes of our older periodicals. We are glad at the new order of things which has arisen, and hope the success of the reprints of Smith, Jeffrey, Macauley, and Mackintosh, and of our own Hall and Foster, will lead to similar selections from other journals. Such productions deserve a longer and more fruitful life than the ephemeral existence of a periodical, however eminent, can secure. A large portion

of English literature, after serving a temporary purpose, has hitherto been lost, the preservation of which would have been productive of the largest and most useful results.

The author of the present volumes possessed a higher reputation amongst his contemporaries than he will probably have with posterity. Few men of his day was thought of more highly, or had larger credit given to them. There were few things within his vocation, of which he was deemed incapable. What he accomplished received a generous interpretation, and was regarded as an earnest of the much greater things he could do. Men did not nicely weigh and measure the actual production, but looking at its kind and character, they concluded that he who had done a few things so well, was destined to achieve for himself a high name amongst the ornaments and instructors of his country. Nor was this feeling confined to any clique, however much indebted it may have been in its early stage to such patronage. It was more general than in almost any other case. Men of all grades, and of various shades of political opinions concurred in it; and it continued, without serious diminution, to the close of life. Now it is vain, it is mere folly, to allege, as some are obviously inclined to do, that all this was delusion, a common consent on the part of his compeers, to invest inanity, or even mediocre talent, with attributes incomparably above its nature. It was far too general an opinion to be based on the dictum of any coterie, or to have sprung out of the partialities of any political association. What Sir James Mackintosh did, though very limited, and disproportioned alike to his capabilities and his intentions, is yet sufficient to disprove the disparaging criticism in which some of our contemporaries are disposed to indulge. We could wish he had done more. We are ready to admit his culpability in having so far neglected the gift that was in him; but it is alike ungenerous and untruthful to allege on this account, that he was unworthy of his fame, and does not merit a high place amongst the *litterati* of his day.

There are few public men for whom we entertain a more profound respect. His qualities were adapted to inspire it, and to mingle with the reverence due to intellect, the confidence awakened by integrity, and the attachment which candour and benevolence constrain. His varied knowledge and constitutional lore, the large and liberal views he entertained, his generous sympathy with English freedom, the soundness and impartiality of his judgment, his candour as a controvertialist, the scrupulousness with which he weighed conflicting evidence, and the obvious regret with which he drew unfavourable conclusions, all combined with his amenity and self command to secure a far larger share of esteem and attachment than falls to the lot of most

men. He was one of the most upright and clear-headed of our statesmen, and, amongst the followers of literature, was unsurpassed for candour and generous sympathy. Whatever may be thought of his individual judgments, no man doubted his solicitude to decide right.

It is not difficult to account for the high reputation of Sir James Mackintosh. It had its origin no doubt in the opportune service which he rendered to a powerful political party at a critical period of their history, or rather, to speak more correctly, such service secured him what he might otherwise never have had, a fair occasion for the exhibition of his powers. We shall presently have to speak of the circumstances under which his '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*' was published. At present we simply remark that the Whigs were staggering under the fierce onslaught of Mr. Burke, and were not slightly injured in the estimation of the more opulent and timid, by their supposed identification with the rough, masculine vigour, and democratic principles of '*The Rights of Man*.' The appearance, at such a moment, of an advocate who could combine a logic as superior to that of their assailant, as his principles were sounder, and more constitutional, and whose style, though less splendidly imaginative, was at once lucid, chaste, and nervous, fit for '*ears polite*,' and yet level to the apprehension of the popular mind, was an event calculated to awaken their gratitude, and to lead to the temporary apotheosis of their champion. What might have been expected, actually ensued. Mackintosh emerged from obscurity, and stood revealed a man of distinguished and noble parts. But for this, he might have remained unknown. His natural indolence would probably have prevented his forcing himself into notice, and he would have passed off the stage respected and admired by a contracted circle, but unknown beyond its limits. So much he owed to what men call fortune, but his meridian would soon have been attained, and an early decline have followed, had there been no inherent powers equal to his position. These were elicited by the occasion, and the estimation in which they were held up to his decease, by the most discerning of his contemporaries, may be safely taken as evidence of their rank.

In estimating the living reputation of Sir James Mackintosh, his conversational powers must be taken into account. To judge of it by his writings merely, is manifestly erroneous, and can only lead to false conclusions. It was based on the whole man,—on what he said, as well as on what he wrote, the philosophy he propounded in the company of the learned, the history he talked in the social circle, as well as the disquisitions, the biography, and narratives which he communicated to his

countrymen, through the press. Of the former, little survives him; but the report of those who knew him well goes far to justify the reverence in which they held his wisdom. 'In his most familiar talk,' remarks a friendly critic, whose admiration is equalled only by the keenness of his perception and the felicitous beauties of the sketch he has furnished, 'there was no wildness, no inconsistency, no amusing nonsense, no exaggeration for the sake of momentary effect. His mind was a vast magazine, admirably arranged. Every thing was there, and every thing was in its place. His judgments on men, on sects, on books, had been often and carefully tested and weighed, and had then been committed, each to his proper receptacle, in the most capacious and accurately constructed memory that any human being ever possessed. It would have been strange, indeed, if you had asked for any thing that was not to be found in that immense storehouse. The article which you required was not only there. It was ready. It was in its own proper compartment. In a moment it was brought down, unpacked, and displayed. If those who enjoyed the privilege—for a privilege indeed it was—of listening to Sir James Mackintosh, had been disposed to find some fault in his conversation, they might perhaps have observed, that he yielded too little to the impulse of the moment. He seemed to be recollecting, not creating. He never appeared to catch a sudden glimpse of a subject in a new light. You never saw his opinions in the making, still rude, still inconsistent, and requiring to be fashioned by thought and discussion. They came forth, like the pillars of that temple in which no sound of axes or hammers was heard, finished, rounded, and exactly suited to their places*.'

It is no uncommon thing for contemporary fame to exceed that which is posthumous, even in the case of minds of a distinguished order. Many things may prevent genius from leaving permanent memorials of its power; and whenever this is the case, coming generations will be destitute of the materials on which alone high fame can permanently rest. To go no further than our own times and circle, we may adduce the case of Robert Hall, than whom there has rarely visited our earth a more profound and expansive intellect,—a genius, before whose subtle glance germs of ethereal beauty and of recondite truths were more distinctly unveiled. Yet what will a coming generation know of the splendour and beauty of his intellect, com-

* Macauley's Essays, ii., p. 206. A similar opinion is recorded by another distinguished contemporary and friend. 'His mind,' said the Rev. Robert Hall, referring to Sir James, 'is a spacious repository, hung round with beautiful images, and when he wants one, he has nothing to do but reach up his hand to a peg, and take it down. But his images were not manufactured in his mind, they were imported.'—Hall's Works, vol. vi. p. 122.

pared with the revelation vouchsafed to those who gazed on his impassioned countenance as he delivered God's message of mercy to man, or who listened to his varied and profound philosophy when he met with kindred spirits in the social circle. Now so it was we affirm—without meaning to assert any close resemblance between their intellects—with Sir James Mackintosh. He wrote much, but he talked more, and his fame rested on the latter conjointly with the former. The men of his day, therefore, estimated him more highly than coming generations will do. This was inevitable. It grows out of the circumstances of the case, and ought not to be hurriedly dismissed as another proof of the world's unfairness.

It must not however be supposed, that Sir James did little with his pen. This was not the case; and the character of what he did, goes far to justify the opinion which his contemporaries formed of his powers. Considering his strong disinclination to the manual labour of writing, the necessities of his early position, the part he took in politics, his judicial occupation, and his broken health, we rather marvel at his doing so much, than at his not doing more. There were many excuses at hand to palliate, if they could not justify, his indolence; and the better elements of his nature must have struggled manfully to have achieved what they did. The contents of the volumes before us were the result, and we hasten to acquaint our readers with their character.

The *advertisement* of the editor informs us that, with the exception of the History of England, 'these volumes contain whatever is believed to be of the most value in the writings of Sir James Mackintosh.' They commence with the 'Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy,' originally prefixed to the Britannica Encyclopædia, and contain, in addition to various articles reprinted from the Edinburgh Review, and speeches delivered in the senate on various important questions, 'A Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations,' the 'Life of Sir Thomas More,' 'Review of the causes of the Revolution of 1688'—previously published under the more ambitious title of 'History of the Revolution of 1688,'—and 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ.'

The last of these works was published first; and as it had much to do with the position and subsequent career of its author, it seems fairly entitled to priority of notice. It marks distinctly his political creed and party, and brought him into notice with more rapidity and effect, than his most sanguine moments had probably anticipated. It was published in April, 1791, and, as his son and biographer remarks, 'at once placed its author, at the age of twenty-six, in the very first rank of the

great party who were upholding in this country the cause of France, which could scarcely at that moment be said to have ceased to be the cause of rational freedom.' The copyright was sold to Mr. George Robinson for £30, but when the sale of the work was found so greatly to exceed the expectations which had been entertained, that sum was generously repeated several times. Three editions followed each other with rapidity, and the general effect of the work was to check the influence of Mr. Burke's 'Reflections,' and to show to the more thoughtful and candid, that, tried at the bar of enlightened philosophy and sound constitutional lore, the French Revolution, in its essential elements, was susceptible of a complete and triumphant vindication.

Most of Mr. Burke's countrymen had been taken by surprise at the appearance of his 'Reflections.' His former position as one of the leaders of opposition, and the vast services he had rendered to the cause of rational government, gave an air of inconsistency to his procedure greater than was warranted. Throughout his political career there had been much to predispose him to the part he now took, for 'an abhorrence for abstract politics, a predilection for aristocracy, and a dread of innovation,' had been amongst the more prominent articles of his creed. Hence he belonged to the aristocratic section of the Whig party, and uniformly opposed the more liberal views of Fox on the subject of parliamentary reform. Against such an opponent the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*' was directed.

Though composed with rapidity, it evinced the soundest logic combined with the results of varied reading; a masculine eloquence, clear, sonorous, and earnest; an enlightened estimate of constitutional freedom, and a generous appreciation of the new prospects opening up to the world. Throughout the whole there was, moreover, a gentlemanly bearing, a courtesy of style which political controversialists had commonly disowned; a generous appreciation of the powers and honesty of his opponent, and a fearless assertion, even of unpalatable truths when deemed needful to the completeness of his vindication, or the consistency of his argument. The effect was instantaneous; and, on the fortunes of the writer, most propitious. He was immediately sought by the leaders of the Whig party. Fox, Grey, Lauderdale, Erskine, and Whitbread, solicited his acquaintance, and his company was requested at the Duchess of Gordon's routs. So far all was pleasing; and if further evidence of his success were needed, it is found in the clamour which was raised against him. Thus much respecting the history and general complexion of the work. There are several points mooted in it on which we should be glad to transfer the author's

reasonings to our pages. We must, however, impose restraints upon ourselves; but as the work is probably known to few of our readers, we shall make free with the following extract relating to church property, a subject evidently destined to engage the early attention of our countrymen, and on which all intelligent men should seek to obtain settled and satisfactory views.

The corn law is approaching its settlement, and no extraordinary endowment is required to perceive that the tithe system, and, indeed, the whole subject of church property, is destined to take its place in the public mind. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and men of all classes, dissenters especially, will do well to inform themselves thoroughly on all the bearings of this subject. Come to its consideration and settlement we must; and our policy will be wise, or foolish, as our knowledge is extensive, and our views well digested. We strongly recommend to our readers the careful perusal of this part of Sir James Mackintosh's work.

'The fate of the church,* the second great corporation that sustained the French despotism, has peculiarly provoked the indignation of Mr. Burke. The dissolution of the church as a body, the resumption of its territorial revenues, and the new organization of the priesthood, appear to him to be dictated by the union of robbery and irreligion, to glut the rapacity of stockjobbers, and to gratify the hostility of atheists. All the outrages and proscriptions of ancient or modern tyrants vanish, in his opinion, in comparison with this confiscation of the property of the Gallican church. Principles had, it is true, been on this subject explored, and reasons had been urged by men of genius, which vulgar men deemed irresistible. But with these reasons Mr. Burke will not deign to combat. 'You do not imagine, sir,' says he to his correspondent, 'that I am going to compliment this *miserable description of persons* with any long discussion?' What immediately follows this contemptuous passage is so outrageously offensive to candour and urbanity, that an honourable adversary will disdain to avail himself of it. The passage itself, however, demands a pause. It alludes to an opinion, of which I trust Mr. Burke did not know the origin. That the church lands were national property was not first asserted among the Jacobins, or in the Palais Royal. The author of that opinion,—the master of that wretched description of persons, whom Mr. Burke disdains to encounter, was one whom he might have combated with glory,—with confidence of triumph in victory, and without fear or shame in defeat. The author of that opinion was Turgot! a name now too

* 'Church power,' remarks Sir James, in a subsequent part of his reasoning, 'unless some revolution auspicious to priestcraft, shall replunge Europe into ignorance, will certainly not survive the nineteenth century.'—p. 49.

high to be exalted by eulogy, or depressed by invective. That benevolent and philosophic statesman delivered it, in the article 'Foundation' of the *Encyclopédie*, as the calm and disinterested opinion of a scholar, at a moment when he could have no object in palliating rapacity, or prompting irreligion. It was no doctrine contrived for the occasion by the agents of tyranny: it was a principle discovered in pure and harmless speculation, by one of the best and wisest of men. I adduce the authority of Turgot, not to oppose the arguments (if there had been any), but to counteract the insinuations of Mr. Burke. The authority of his assertions forms a prejudice, which is thus to be removed before we can hope for a fair audience at the bar of reason. If he insinuates the flagitiousness of these opinions by the supposed vileness of their origin, it cannot be unfit to pave the way for their reception, by assigning to them a more illustrious pedigree.

'But dismissing the genealogy of doctrines, let us examine their intrinsic value, and listen to no voice but that of truth. 'Are the lands occupied by the church the property of its members?' Various considerations present themselves, which may elucidate the subject.

'It has not hitherto been supposed that any class of public servants are proprietors. They are salaried by the state for the performance of certain duties. Judges are paid for the distribution of justice; kings for the execution of the laws; soldiers, where there is a mercenary army, for public defence; and priests, where there is an established religion, for public instruction. The mode of their payment is indifferent to the question. It is generally in rude ages by land, and in cultivated periods by money. But a territorial pension is no more property than a pecuniary one. The right of the state to regulate the salaries of those servants whom it pays in money has not been disputed: and if it has chosen to provide the revenue of a certain portion of land for the salary of another class of servants, wherefore is its right more disputable, to resume that land, and to establish a new mode of payment? In the early history of Europe, before fiefs became hereditary, great landed estates were bestowed by the sovereign, on condition of military service. By a similar tenure did the church hold its lands. No man can prove, that because the state has intrusted its ecclesiastical servants with a portion of land, as the source and security of their *pensions*, they are in any respect more the proprietors of it, than the other servants of the state are of that portion of the revenue from which they are paid.

'The lands of the church possess not the most simple and indispensable requisites of property. They are not even pretended to be held for the *benefit* of those who enjoy them. This is the obvious criterion between private property and a pension for public service. The destination of the first is avowedly the comfort and happiness of the individual who enjoys it: as he is conceived to be the sole judge of this happiness, he possesses the most unlimited rights of

enjoyment, of alienation, and even of abuse. But the lands of the church, destined for the support of public servants, exhibited none of these characters of property. They were inalienable, because it would have been not less absurd for the priesthood to have exercised such authority over these lands, than it would be for seamen to claim the property of a fleet which they manned, or soldiers that of a fortress they garrisoned.'—vol. iii. pp. 41—44.

His views subsequently underwent considerable modification. This is not to be wondered at, nor is it generous, or even just, to indulge in severe reflections on this account. The atrocities which marked the course of the French Revolution sickened and disgusted him, and if, at the instant, he recoiled too far from his former position, it is only what the benevolence of his character, and the common infirmities of our nature might have led us to anticipate. He did not sufficiently discriminate between the Revolution and its agents,—the protest recorded against the oppression of ages, and the bad passions by which it was overclouded and disgraced. It is easy for us, who have witnessed the course of another half century, to condemn our fathers for their want of discrimination. We have seen the end of the tragedy, and may, therefore, be ready to assert that with all its horrors, the French Revolution has been a blessing to the world. But the men of that day were no prophets, and we need not, therefore, wonder at their being, for a season at least, confounded. Living amidst the reign of terror it was not unnatural that they should denounce, in terms too sweeping and indiscriminate, both the revolution and its agents. 'They alone,' said Sir James, 'knew my feelings, from whom no sentiments of mine could be concealed. The witnesses of my emotion on the murder of General Dillon—on the 10th of August—on the massacre of the prisons—on the death of the king, are now no more. But the memory of what it is no hyperbole to call my sufferings, is at this instant fresh. As often as I call to mind these proofs of deep and most unaffected interest in the fortunes of mankind, the indignation, the grief, the shame, which were not on my lips, but at the bottom of my heart, I feel an assured confidence of my own honesty of which no calumniator shall ever rob me.'

The rebound, however, was speedily followed by reaction, and Sir James was too honest to conceal the fact. 'I can easily see,' he said, when referring afterwards to the tone of his lectures on 'The Law of Nature and Nations,' that I rebounded from my original opinions too far towards the opposite extreme. I was carried too far by anxiety to atone for my former errors. In opposing revolutionary principles, the natural heat of controversy led to excess.' His final position was,

probably, midway between the opinions advocated in the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' and those to which Mr. Burke had given his sanction.

His '*Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy*,' was a vastly different work. It was prepared in the full maturity of his powers, and the subject was in happy keeping with the natural bent of his genius. 'My nature, perhaps,' he remarked in a letter to Mr. Hall, 'would have been better consulted, if I had been placed in a quieter station, where speculation might have been my business, and visions of the fair and good my chief recreation.' Such was his own impression; and the proposal, therefore, which was made to him in August, 1828, to write a dissertation for the seventh edition of the '*Britannica Encyclopædia*,' in continuation of that of Mr. Dugald Stewart, could not have been wholly in attractive. He felt, however, the difficulties of his position, and having resolved to devote the remainder of his labours to British history, was induced, with considerable hesitation, to undertake the work. It was originally agreed, that the dissertation should include political as well as ethical philosophy; but his impaired health and parliamentary duties, led to the omission of the former, which is much to be regretted. The work was completed in the spring of 1830; and though the author did not accomplish his wish, 'to leave an edition of it, with such improvements as time, criticism, conversation, and reflection might suggest,' it constitutes one of the most attractive and useful pieces of philosophical criticism and history, which our language contains, betokening both vast reading and profound meditation. One or two brief extracts will best acquaint our readers with its character, and allure them to its perusal. We should esteem it a good omen, a sign of mental health, the earnest of a coming generation, more entitled to confidence and respect, if such works were in general request. We will simply premise, that our extracts are not taken from those passages which reflect most credit on the intellect of the author. We select such as have special interest to our readers. Referring to Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, of whom we have recently heard, with no small surprise, as a believer in Christianity, Sir James observes:—

'A permanent foundation of his fame remains in his admirable style, which seems to be the very perfection of didactic language. Short, clear, precise, pithy, his language never has more than one meaning, which it never requires a second thought to find. By the help of his exact method, it takes so firm a hold on the mind, that it will not allow attention to slacken. His little tract on Human Nature has scarcely an ambiguous or a needless word. He has so great a power of always choosing the most significant term, that he never is

reduced to the poor expedient of using many in its stead. He had so thoroughly studied the genius of the language, and knew so well how to steer between pedantry and vulgarity, that two centuries have not superannuated probably more than a dozen of his words. His expressions are so luminous, that he is clear without the help of illustration. Perhaps no writer of any age or nation, on subjects so abstruse, has manifested an equal power of engraving his thoughts on the mind of his readers. He seems never to have taken a word for ornament or pleasure; and he deals with eloquence and poetry as the natural philosopher who explains the mechanism of children's toys, or deigns to contrive them. Yet his style so stimulates attention, that it never tires; and, to those who are acquainted with the subject, appears to have as much spirit as can be safely blended with Reason. He compresses his thoughts so unaffectedly, and yet so tersely, as to produce occasionally maxims which excite the same agreeable surprise with wit, and have become a sort of philosophical proverbs;—the success of which he partly owed to the suitability of such forms of expression to his dictatorial nature. His words have such an appearance of springing from his thoughts, as to impress on the reader a strong opinion of his originality, and indeed to prove that he was not conscious of borrowing: though conversation with Gassendi must have influenced his mind; and it is hard to believe that his coincidence with Ockham should have been purely accidental, on points so important as the denial of general ideas, the reference of moral distinctions to superior power, and the absolute thralldom of Religion under the civil power, which he seems to have thought necessary, to maintain that independence of the state on the church with which Ockham had been contented.

‘His philosophical writings might be read without reminding any one that the author was more than an intellectual machine. They never betray a feeling except that insupportable arrogance which looks down on his fellow-men as a lower species of beings; whose almost unanimous hostility is so far from shaking the firmness of his conviction, or even ruffling the calmness of his contempt, that it appears too petty a circumstance to require explanation, or even to merit notice.’—vol. i., pp. 59, 60.

A ready disposition is thus evinced to do justice to this celebrated writer, yet the following is the account given of the service he rendered to religion and religious freedom. The justice of the sketch, though contested by some modern critics, is fully confirmed by the writings of the philosopher of Malmesbury.

‘Men he represented as being originally equal, and having an equal right to all things, but as being taught by Reason to sacrifice this right for the advantages of peace, and to submit to a common authority, which can preserve quiet, only by being the sole depository of force, and must therefore be absolute and unlimited. The

supreme authority cannot be sufficient for its purpose, unless it be wielded by a single hand ; nor even then, unless his absolute power extends over religion, which may prompt men to discord by the fear of an evil greater than death. The perfect state of a community, according to him, is where law prescribes the religion and morality of the people, and where the will of an absolute sovereign is the sole fountain of law. Hooker had inculcated the simple truth, that 'to live by one man's will is the cause of many men's misery : '—Hobbes embraced the daring paradox, that to live by one man's will is the only means of all men's happiness. Having thus rendered religion the slave of every human tyrant, it was an unavoidable consequence, that he should be disposed to lower her character, and lessen her power over men ; that he should regard atheism as the most effectual instrument of preventing rebellion,—at least that species of rebellion which prevailed in his time, and had excited his alarms. The formidable alliance of religion with liberty haunted his mind, and urged him to the bold attempt of rooting out both these mighty principles ; which, when combined with interests and passions, when debased by impure support, and provoked by unjust resistance, have indeed the power of fearfully agitating society ; but which are, nevertheless, in their own nature, and as far as they are unmixed and undisturbed, the parents of justice, of order, of peace, as well as the sources of those hopes, and of those glorious aspirations after higher excellence, which encourage and exalt the soul in its passage through misery and depravity. A Hobbist is the only consistent persecutor ; for he alone considers himself as bound, by whatever conscience he has remaining, to conform to the religion of the sovereign. He claims from others no more than he is himself ready to yield to any master ; while the religionist who persecutes a member of another communion, exacts the sacrifice of conscience and sincerity, though professing that rather than make it himself, he is prepared to die.'—*ib.* pp. 61—63.

Amongst the opponents of Hobbes, a distinguished rank must be assigned to Cudworth, author of 'The Intellectual System of the Universe,' a work of prodigious erudition and of masculine intellect. Its influence was, for a time, proportioned to its merits, and went far to vindicate both ethics and religion, from the false reasoning and gross perversions of Hobbes. Its author had been trained in the English universities, during the ascendancy of puritanism, and was one of the most eminent members of the latitudinarian, or arminian party, at the time of the restoration. To an ardent love of liberty, imbibed from his calvinistic teachers, he united the experience of his own agitated age, and by his acquired and natural endowments was signally qualified for the work he undertook. Of the style of his masterly work, Sir James remarks :—

'The Intellectual System, his great production, is directed against

the atheistical opinions of Hobbes: it touches ethical questions but occasionally and incidentally. It is a work of stupendous erudition, of much more acuteness than at first appears, of frequent mastery over diction and illustration on subjects where it is most rare; and it is distinguished, perhaps beyond any other volume of controversy, by that best proof of the deepest conviction of the truth of a man's principles, a fearless statement of the most formidable objections to them;—a fairness rarely practised but by him who is conscious of his power to answer them. In all his writings, it must be owned, that his learning obscures his reasonings, and seems even to oppress his powerful intellect. It is an unfortunate effect of the redundant fulness of his mind, that it overflows in endless digressions, which break the chain of argument, and turn aside the thoughts of the reader from the main object. He was educated before usage had limited the naturalization of new words from the learned languages; before the failure of those great men, from Bacon to Milton, who laboured to follow a Latin order in their sentences, and the success of those men of inferior powers, from Cowley to Addison, who were content with the order, as well as the words, of pure and elegant conversation, had, as it were, by a double series of experiments, ascertained that the involutions and inversions of the ancient languages are seldom reconcileable with the genius of ours; and that they are, unless skilfully, as well as sparingly introduced, at variance with the natural beauties of our prose composition. His mind was more that of an ancient than of a modern philosopher. He often indulged in that sort of amalgamation of fancy with speculation, the delight of the Alexandrian doctors, with whom he was most familiarly conversant; and the Intellectual System, both in thought and expression, has an old and foreign air, not unlike a translation from the work of a later Platonist.'—ib. pp. 75, 76.

We are strongly inclined to furnish our readers with an extract from the sketch given of the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose philosophical writings are spoken of in higher terms than are now commonly used. We must, however, confine ourselves to the following notice of one of the most profound, original, and useful writers which the eighteenth century produced. Our reference is to Butler, the son of a presbyterian trader.

'His great work on the Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature, though only a commentary on the singularly original and pregnant passage of Origen, which is so honestly prefixed to it as a motto, is, notwithstanding, the most original and profound work extant in any language on the philosophy of religion. It is entirely beyond our present scope. His ethical discussions are contained in those deep and sometimes dark dissertations which he preached at the Chapel of the Rolls, and afterwards published under the name of 'Sermons,' while he was yet fresh from the schools, and full of that courage with which youth often delights to exercise its strength

in abstract reasoning, and to push its faculties into the recesses of abstruse speculation. But his youth was that of a sober and mature mind, early taught by nature to discern the boundaries of knowledge, and to abstain from fruitless efforts to reach inaccessible ground. In these sermons, he has taught truths more capable of being exactly distinguished from the doctrines of his predecessors, more satisfactorily established, more comprehensively applied to particulars, more rationally connected with each other, and therefore more worthy of the name of 'discovery,' than any with which we are acquainted;—if we ought not, with some hesitation, to except the first steps of the Grecian philosophers towards a theory of morals. It is a peculiar hardship, that the extreme ambiguity of language, an obstacle which it is one of the chief merits of an ethical philosopher to vanquish, is one of the circumstances which prevent men from seeing the justice of applying to him so ambitious a term as 'discoverer.' He owed more to Lord Shaftesbury than to all other writers besides. He is just and generous towards that philosopher; yet, whoever carefully compares their writings, will without difficulty distinguish the two builders, and the larger as well as more regular and laboured part of the edifice, which is the work of Butler.' . . .

'There are few circumstances more remarkable than the small number of Butler's followers in ethics; and it is perhaps still more observable, that his opinions were not so much rejected as overlooked. It is an instance of the importance of style. No thinker so great was ever so bad a writer. Indeed, the ingenious apologies which have been lately attempted for this defect, amount to no more than that his power of thought was too much for his skill in language. How general must the reception have been of truths so certain and momentous as those contained in Butler's discourses,—with how much more clearness must they have appeared to his own great understanding, if he had possessed the strength and distinctness with which Hobbes enforces odious falsehood, or the unspeakable charm of that transparent diction which clothed the unfruitful paradoxes of Berkeley!'—ib. pp. 114, 123

We have indulged more freely than some may think advisable in extracts from this work, from an earnest solicitude to attract our readers to the study of the great productions with which it deals. We live in an age of action: events move rapidly about us: every thing is in motion: and the general temper and tendency of the age are in consequence unfriendly to calm and meditative study. The necessity of the day or hour is met, and this is so perpetually recurring as to require all the time, and to tax to the very uttermost the energies, of most men. Few have leisure, and still less inclination, to look beyond the passing hour. This is the case with literature and science, equally with any other human pursuit, and we are hereby in danger of being deluged by inanity and tameness,—the feeble productions of a

vapid and mediocre school. We are no enemies to popular literature. Our pages bear witness to this. Before it was lauded by the great, or aided by the erudite, we were amongst its advocates, and have continued such with growing zeal to the present day. In the height of our enthusiasm, however, we never regarded it as an unmixed good. We feared formerly, and we see now, that while it relieved from some evils, it threatened others, not equal, indeed, in magnitude, but of sufficient moment to call for serious attention. It requires but a superficial view of our present literature, to perceive that it is an attenuated and diluted thing compared with what it was in former times, when the master spirits of our race, under the inspiration of a pure and lofty ambition, poured forth the teachings of a wisdom drawn from the deepest musings of the human heart. Those days are past, nor would we, as a whole, have them back. They overlooked the interests and happiness of the many; sacrificing to the few, and constituting a period of idolatry as real, if not as sensual, as any other age of the world. Let us, however, take heed, lest in avoiding this evil we fall into another, not so palpably mischievous, though as certainly fraught, in its ultimate consequences, with what is pernicious. No greater evil—we speak not of the moral view of the case now—can befall the literature of a nation than that it should become a mere thing of merchandize,—a piece of handicraft to be worked for present pay, and to be produced with most ready skill for the first liberal bidder. Such a condition of things is charged with fearful peril. The evils flowing from it may not be visible at the moment. Generations may be needed in order to their full developement, but come they will, and with accumulative force. Their influence will be seen in an enfeebling of the national intellect—the corruption of its taste—the substitution of what is false and gaudy, for what is true and simple. Its standard of the beautiful and true being lowered, it will become the worshipper of gods strange and many. Hence will follow the deterioration of its practical wisdom and the pursuit of trifles; the craving for excitement will take the place of that healthful stimulus which leads to useful knowledge. The most effectual guard against such evils is found in the diligent study of those great productions with which our language is enriched. To many of these the dissertation before us constitutes an admirable introduction, and our object will be attained, if the extracts we have given induce our readers to make them the companions of their studies. Let such works be read and pondered over, and there will be a body and a soul, a massive weight, and yet a vital energy given, even to our popular literature, which will render it as useful as it may be attractive. We could wil-

lingly pursue this theme, but there are other topics to which we must advert.

Of 'The Life of Sir Thomas More' we have recently had occasion to speak, and shall therefore say nothing more at present than that it constitutes one of the most beautiful pieces of biography in our language. There was much in the character of the writer to induce intimate sympathy with his hero, and the light of genius mellowed and warmed by the purest admiration, is, therefore, diffused throughout the work.

Our remaining observations will be confined to the 'Review of the Causes of the Revolution of 1688.' This was a posthumous publication, and is, therefore, deficient, in some minor points, of the finish which would have been given by the final revision of the author. Such as it is, however, we receive it with gratitude, and hesitate not to assert that, for all the higher and more useful purposes of history, it is the best narrative of the period in question which we possess. We might have wished for more details, but the disquisitions are never wearisome, and for the most part are invaluable. Not one could be omitted without injury, and the light they reflect is just such as intelligent Englishmen needed. Great skill is shown in the disposition of the narrative, and passages might be quoted which, for skilful grouping, and beautiful and felicitous sketches, have rarely been surpassed. As the reign of James involves many questions pertaining to religious freedom, and the conduct of our nonconformist fathers; and as we are solicitous that our readers should be thoroughly acquainted with it, we shall adduce, for their information, the judgment of Sir James on some of these points.

James II. had two objects in view, the establishment of despotism, and the restoration of the papacy. In the pursuit of the first, he had the support of the Church of England, which had bound itself hand and foot to his service, by an officious avowal of the most servile tenets. Passive obedience and non-resistance were propounded by authority. The clergy were the zealous tools of an unprincipled and tyrannical court. The pulpit fulminated against English freedom, and Oxford, ever foremost in denouncing the political regenerators of mankind, sought to brand with infamy the choice spirits of the day. Had James been wise as he was merciless, he would have accomplished his crusade against civil freedom before he sought to alienate the secularities of the church. Had he done so, the result might have been doubtful. Churchmen would have cheered him on. The pulpit and the universities would have eulogised his piety and triumphed at his success. Many lives would have been lost, much blood would have been shed. A

long struggle must have ensued, and English freedom, when at length achieved—as achieved it would certainly have been—must have been purchased at a vast sacrifice of life and social well-being. Happily the stolid monarch took the other course, and the dynasty now occupying the throne, is proof of what followed.

‘It may seem singular,’ remarks Sir James in reference to this subject, ‘that James did not first propose the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act, by which he would have gained the means of silencing opposition to all his other projects. What the fortunate circumstances were which pointed his attack against the Test, we are not enabled by contemporary evidence to ascertain. He contemplated that measure with peculiar resentment, as a personal insult to himself, and as chiefly, if not solely, intended as a safeguard against the dangers apprehended from his succession. He considered it as the most urgent object of his policy to obtain a repeal of it; which would enable him to put the administration, and especially the army, into the hands of those who were devoted by the strongest of all ties to his service, and whose power, honour, and even safety, were involved in his success. An army composed of Catholics must have seemed the most effectual of all the instruments of power in his hands; and it is no wonder that he should hasten to obtain it. Had he been a lukewarm or only a professed Catholic, an armed force, whose interests were the same with his own, might reasonably have been considered as that which it was in the first place necessary to secure. Charles II., with a loose belief in popery, and no zeal for it, was desirous of strengthening its interests, in order to enlarge his own power. As James was a conscientious and zealous Catholic, it is probable that he was influenced in every measure of his government by religion, as well as ambition. Both these motives coincided in their object: his absolute power was the only security for his religion, and a Catholic army was the most effectual instrument for the establishment of absolute power. In such a case of combined motives, it might have been difficult for himself to determine which predominated on any single occasion.’—vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.

The policy of the monarch was soon evident. It was not in his nature to conceal it long. He would have done so had he been capable of it, not from honesty, but from interest; not that hypocrisy and falsehood were abhorrent to his nature, but that he was too short-sighted to calculate the probabilities of the future, and so completely surrendered to a besotted bigotry, as to be blind to the inevitable consequences of his actions, and reckless of the claims of truth and honour. The most infatuated of his sycophants could not fail to perceive the tendency of his measures. It was written as with fire, and combined the baseness of hypocrisy with an unscrupulous violation of the laws. The monarch proclaimed himself the friend of toleration. The

wolf put on sheep's clothing, the more readily to accomplish his design, and spoke a language and avowed a creed foreign from his nature. His purpose was to combine the nonconformists with the catholics against the hierarchy, and he therefore published 'A Declaration for liberty of Conscience,' in which he assumed to suspend the execution of all penal laws, and to grant permission to his subjects to meet and worship God according to the dictate of their consciences. We need not shew the falsity of all this. It is universally seen and admitted; or if there be any who still doubt it, they are obviously inaccessible to reason and evidence. The king's design was soon revealed. Catholics were appointed to benefices in the church, were recommended to the governors of the Charter-House, and were nominated to lucrative and influential posts at Oxford and Cambridge. This was touching the apple of the eye. It exhausted the forbearance of the church, and put in the foreground of the great struggle of English liberty, those very men who were most deeply and solemnly pledged to the king. Thus it frequently happens, in the course of an over-ruling Providence, that men are compelled to work out ends, the reverse of what they had intended. The church would have borne anything but this. Patriots might have been beheaded like Russell and Sidney, prisons have been crowded with nonconformists, whole districts have been surrendered to military violence, the ermine itself have been disgraced, the temple of justice profaned, by the brutal violence of Jeffries and the unscrupulous servility of other expounders of English law. All this, and more than this, may have occurred, and thanks would have been impiously rendered to Almighty God, for the blessing vouchsafed in the person and government of so religious and merciful a king. But the moment that royal hands were placed on the temporalities of the church,—when a portion of her revenues was sought to be conferred on the adherents of the papacy, her anger knew no bounds, and her sons became the loudest impugnors of that prerogative which they had hitherto worshipped. The infatuated monarch was astonished at the hostile position taken up by the church, and was at no pains to conceal his feelings. Referring to this point of the history, our author observes—

'James was equally astonished and incensed at the resistance of the Church of England. Their warm professions of loyalty, their acquiescence in measures directed only against civil liberty, their solemn condemnation of forcible resistance to oppression (the lawfulness of which constitutes the main strength of every opposition to misgovernment), had persuaded him, that they would look patiently on the demolition of all the bulwarks of their own wealth, and greatness, and power, and submit in silence to measures which,

after stripping the Protestant religion of all its temporal aid, might at length leave it exposed to persecution. He did not distinguish between legal opposition and violent resistance. He believed in the adherence of multitudes to professions poured forth in a moment of enthusiasm; and he was so ignorant of human nature as to imagine, that speculative opinions of a very extravagant sort, even if they could be stable, were sufficient to supersede interest and habits, to bend the pride of high establishments, and to stem the passions of a nation in a state of intense excitement. Yet James had been admonished by the highest authority to beware of this delusion. Morley, Bishop of Winchester, a veteran royalist and episcopalian, whose fidelity had been tried, but whose judgment had been informed in the civil war, almost with his dying breath desired Lord Dartmouth to warn the king, that if ever he depended on the doctrine of non-resistance he would find himself deceived; for that most of the church would contradict it in their practice, though not in terms. It was to no purpose that Dartmouth frequently reminded James of Morley's last message; for he answered, 'that the bishop was a good man, but grown old and timid'

'It must be owned, on the other hand, that there were not wanting considerations which excuse the expectation and explain the disappointment of James. Wiser men than he have been the dupes of that natural prejudice, which leads us to look for the same consistency between the different parts of conduct which is, in some degree, found to prevail among the different reasonings and opinions of every man of sound mind. It cannot be denied that the church had done much to delude him. For they did not content themselves with never controverting, nor even confine themselves to calmly preaching the doctrine of non-resistance (which might be justified and perhaps commended); but it was constantly and vehemently inculcated. The more furious preachers treated all who doubted it with the fiercest scurrility, and the most pure and gentle were ready to introduce it harshly and unreasonably; and they all boasted of it, perhaps with reason, as a peculiar characteristic which distinguished the Church of England from other Christian communities. Nay, if a solemn declaration from an authority second only to the church, assembled in a national council, could have been a security for their conduct, the judgment of the University of Oxford, in their convocation in 1633, may seem to warrant the utmost expectations of the king. For among other positions condemned by that learned body, one was, 'that if lawful governors become tyrants, or govern otherwise than by the laws of God or man they ought to do, they forfeit the right they had unto their government.' Now, it is manifest, that, according to this determination, if the king had abolished parliaments, shut the courts of justice, and changed the laws according to his pleasure, he would, nevertheless, retain the same rights as before over all his subjects; that any part of them who resisted him would still contract the full guilt of rebellion; and that the co-operation of the sounder portion

to repress the revolt would be a moral duty and a lawful service. How, then, could it be reasonable to withstand him in far less important assaults on his subjects, and to turn against him laws which owed their continuance solely to his good pleasure? Whether this last mode of reasoning be proof against all objections or not, it was at least specious enough to satisfy the king, when it agreed with his passions and supposed interest.'—*Ib.* pp. 165—167.

The sketches of Baxter, Bunyan, and William Penn, are admirable; evincing alike the candour and truthfulness, the enlightened philosophy and ready appreciation of excellence, under all its varied forms, by which the writer was so eminently distinguished. We must be content, however, to point them out to our reader, and pass on to other points of more public interest.

The Declaration of Indulgence placed the nonconformists in a perplexing and perilous position. On the one hand, they had been long and cruelly persecuted by the protestant church, despoiled of their goods, deprived of the rights of citizenship, incarcerated in loathsome prisons, forbidden the exercise of their ministry, and, in many cases, banished from the realm. They had vainly appealed to the compassion of the clergy. Insult had been added to wrong, and the intolerant and wicked policy of prohibiting the education of their children in what they deemed the truth of God, was distinctly avowed. So far, therefore, everything inclined them to act adversely to the church, and joyfully to avail themselves of any interval of repose, come whence it might. On the other hand, they could not recognise the king's dispensing power, without jeopardizing the liberty for which such perils had been incurred, and laying the whole fabric of English law beneath the foot of the monarch. Future evils were to be balanced against present relief, the tyranny that was hazarded against the liberty that was proffered. The proper course would have been to meet, and worship according to their convictions of duty, without thanking the king;—to have availed themselves of the breathing time allowed, without approaching the throne to acknowledge obligation, or uttering language which was friendly to prerogative in its contests with freedom. This would have been the right course; and it was that which the great body of dissenters pursued. Some, however, proceeded much further; and while we regret, we need not wonder at their having done so. The drowning man makes no inquiry respecting the hand which is stretched out for his rescue; the prisoner stops not to ask whether the door of his prison-house has been opened by authority; life or liberty is received with joyfulness, and it is not till afterwards the reflection occurs, that some drawbacks may possibly be attendant on the boon conferred. So it was in the present case.

The nonconformists had begun to despair. They had known a long night of terror, and saw no hope of escape but that which the monarch proffered. Had they, therefore, as a body, availed themselves of it, and in the first moment of their exultation have glorified the power by which it was conferred, their relentless persecutors should have been the last to pronounce their condemnation. To have done so would not have been wise, nor far-seeing, nor in the spirit of an enlightened and comprehensive fidelity to freedom; but the slightest charity should have sealed the lips of those wrong-doers who had made their cry ascend to heaven.

‘The Nonconformists,’ says Sir James Mackintosh, ‘were thus acted upon by powerful inducements and dissuasives. The preservation of civil liberty, the interests of the Protestant religion, the secure enjoyment of freedom in their own worship, were irresistible reasons against compliance. Gratitude for present relief, remembrance of recent wrongs, and a strong sense of the obligation to prefer the exercise of religion to every other consideration, were very strong temptations to a different conduct. Many of them owed their lives to the king, and the lives of others were still in his hands. The remembrance of Jeffrey’s campaign was so fresh as perhaps still rather to produce fear than the indignation and distrust which appear in a more advanced stage of recovery from the wounds inflicted by tyranny. The private relief granted to some of their ministers by the court on former occasions afforded a facility for exercising adverse influence through these persons,—the more dangerous because it might be partly concealed from themselves under the disguise of gratitude. The result of the action of these conflicting motives seems to have been, that the far greater part of all denominations of dissenters availed themselves of the declaration so far as to resume their public worship; that the most distinguished of their clergy, and the majority of the Presbyterians, resisted the solicitations of the court to sanction the dispensing power by addresses of thanks for this exertion of it; and that all the Quakers, the greater part of the Baptists, and perhaps also of the Independents, did not scruple to give this perilous token of their misguided gratitude, though many of them confined themselves to thanks for toleration, and solemn assurances that they would not abuse it.

‘About a hundred and eighty of these addresses were presented within a period of ten months, of which there are only seventy-seven exclusively and avowedly from Nonconformists. If to these be added a fair proportion of such as were at first secretly and at last openly corporators and grand jurors, and a larger share of those who addressed under very general descriptions, it seems probable that the numbers were almost equally divided between the dissenting communions and the established church.*’—*ib.*, pp. 189—191.

* The addresses from bishops and their clergy were seven; those from corporations and grand juries seventy-five; those from inhabitants, &c.,

For a time the policy of the monarch appeared to be successful. Both James and his courtiers were deluded, and the reports forwarded to Paris and Rome were full of confidence and triumph. And yet they were on the eve of a fearful tempest. The surface was unruffled, but the waters below were deeply moved. Men's spirits were troubled within them, and the nobility and clergy having, for the first time, sided with the people, the result was not long in being ascertained. Statesmen would do well to ponder over the story of these times. It reads a salutary lesson, and may be studied with advantage by the men of our day. He must be dull of comprehension who does not trace some points of resemblance between the present condition of things and the state described in the following passage :—

‘ England perhaps never exhibited an external appearance of more undisturbed and profound tranquillity than in the momentous seven months which elapsed from the end of the autumn of 1687, to the beginning of the following summer. Not a speck in the heavens seemed to the common eye to forebode a storm. None of the riots now occurred which were the forerunners of the civil war under Charles I. : nor were there any of those numerous assemblies of the people which affright by their force, when they do not disturb by their violence, and are sometimes as terrific in disciplined inaction, as in tumultuous outrage. Even the ordinary marks of national disapprobation, which prepare and announce a legal resistance to power, were wanting. There is no trace of any public meetings having been held in counties or great towns where such demonstrations of public opinion could have been made. The current of flattering addresses continued to flow towards the throne, uninterrupted by a single warning remonstrance of a more independent spirit, or even of a mere decent servility. It does not appear that in the pulpit, where alone the people could be freely addressed, political topics were discussed ; though it must be acknowledged that the controversial sermons against the opinions of the church of Rome, which then abounded, proved in effect the most formidable obstacle to the progress of her ambition.’—*ib.*, p. 230.

Our space is exhausted, and we must reluctantly close. The impeachment and acquittal of the bishops are described with

fourteen ; two from Catholics, and two from the Middle and Inner Temple. If six addresses from Presbyterians and Quakers in Scotland, Ireland, and New England be deducted, as it seems that they ought to be, the proportion of Dissenting addresses was certainly less than one half. Some of them, we know, were the produce of a sort of personal canvass, when the king made his progress in the autumn of 1687, ‘ to court the compliments of the people ;’ and one of them, in which Philip Henry joined, ‘ was not to offer lives and fortunes to him, but to thank him for the liberty, and to promise to demean themselves quietly in the use of it.’ Wordsworth, vol. vi. p. 292. Address of Dissenters of Nantwich, Wem, and Whitechurch. London Gazette, 29th August.

admirable skill, and the tolerant advances of the church to the sects she had persecuted—so disgracefully in contrast with what followed when the danger was past—are faithfully related, and furnish matter for comment, on which we could willingly dwell. We content ourselves, however, with pointing out these portions of the history, as well as the sketches given of the state of our prisons, and of the rise and constitution of the society of Jesuits, to the special attention of our readers.

We need scarcely add that the volumes under review should have a place in the library of every intelligent Englishman.

Brief Notices.

Church Stationery Prepared and Published by David Robertson,
Bookseller to Her Majesty, Glasgow.

EVERY invention that facilitates obedience to the inspired command, 'Let all things be done decently and in order,' is of great importance to the churches. Certain forms are necessary in the management of business, and order cannot be maintained without the observance of them. These forms may appear trivial in themselves, yet deviation from them, or the systematic neglect of them, speedily introduces confusion, misunderstandings are created, and congregational unity and prosperity are retarded. If the secular affairs of a church become entangled, its spiritual progress is impeded by such embarrassment. Every arrangement in a roll-book that assists a pastor and his deacons in the visitation and inspection of the church, is of utility. In all the more essential departments of congregational business, the forms observed in the books published by Mr. Robertson, will be found to be most useful auxiliaries. Their designations, of which we subjoin a few, will sufficiently indicate their character:—'Communicants' Roll-Book'—'Elders or Deacons District Roll-Book'—'Clergymen's Visiting Book'—'Baptismal Register'—'Disjunction Certificate Book'—'Church Collection Certificate Book'—'Seat-Letting Book'—'Minute Book for Sessions and Presbyteries'—'Four Boards for Precentor's desk.' Their simplicity is rivalled only by their completeness; there is neither intricacy nor mystery in their arrangements. Their general adoption would both lessen labour and secure regularity, and we doubt not that their cheapness, added to their correctness, will soon bring them into extensive use. We account this '*Church Stationery*' among the many useful novelties of the present day, and sincerely thank the publisher for the care, skill, and taste which he has so successfully bestowed on these ingenious form-books. Congregations using them will find our recommendation to be far less than they merit.

The History of Egypt, from the Earliest Times till the Conquest by the Arabs, A D., 640. By Samuel Sharpe. A New Edition London: Moxon.

WE are glad to see a new edition of this work on our table. It is every way worthy of the distinction, though wanting some of the qualities by which popular favour is most easily won. It is a book of solid and pains-taking research, scrupulously honest, and of liberal views. The authorities relied on are appended, and every facility is given for the detection of error, where it exists, and the further prosecution, when desired, of any branch of the general history. Little comparatively is known of the history of ancient Egypt, though, as is noted by Mr. Sharpe, in his preface, it ranks next in importance to those of Judæa, Greece, and Rome. There is much in it to interest the general reader, and still more to engage the deepest study of those who are concerned, to trace the moral history of the human race. We recommend both the subject and the work to the early and favourable notice of our readers.

The Spirit admitted to the Heavenly House: the Body refused a Grave. Two Sermons, preached on the occasion of the death of the Rev. T. S. Guyer, of Ryde, Isle of Wight. With Notes. By Thomas Binney. London: Jackson and Walford.

WE are always gratified to meet the author of these sermons. Whether we agree with his opinions or not, whether we deem his views wise or unwise, his projects practicable or utopian, we always find his company agreeable, and his cogitations instructive. There is a freshness and honesty, a raciness of thought, and directness of purpose in Mr. Binney's compositions, with which it is eminently pleasing to meet. He is not one of a crowd, but possesses distinct personal qualities, an individual character, which is not to be confounded with the dull tameness about him.

These characteristics are strikingly visible in the present discourses, and give them a great charm. The occasion of the delivery of the sermons is well known, and the improvement here made of it is at once pertinent and effective. The preacher felt both the tenderness and the solemnity which were proper to his vocation, and he has reasoned and counselled accordingly. The first, a funeral sermon, is formed on 2 Corinthians, v. 1., and the other, in which the pretensions of the episcopal church of this country are tested, on Acts xx. 16, 17. We should be glad to see the second of these discourses printed in a detached and somewhat different form. It deserves to live, and to have a wide circulation. Its spirit is thoroughly catholic, its reasonings are cogent, and its rebukes untinctured by bitterness. Would that the spirit it breathes, as well as the intellect it evinces, were more general amongst our churches.

A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. By Augustus William Schlegel. Translated by John Black, Esq. Revised according to the last German Edition, by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M A. London: Henry G. Bohn.

THIS volume belongs to Bohn's 'Standard Library,' and will fully sustain the character of that admirable series. The lectures it contains have an extensive and very high reputation throughout the Continent of Europe, and will be read with great interest, and much advantage, by all who are engaged in literary investigations. They were delivered in the spring of 1808, to a brilliant audience at Vienna, and, on their subsequent publication, were received with marked approbation by the literati of Europe. 'I was at Vienna,' says Madame de Staël, 'when W. Schlegel gave his public course of lectures. I expected only good sense and instruction, where the object was merely to convey information: I was astonished to hear a critic as eloquent as an orator, and who, far from falling upon defects, which are the eternal food of mean and little jealousy, sought only the means of reviving a creative genius.' The object of the author, is both to take a rapid survey of dramatic productions of different ages and nations, and to develope and determine the general ideas by which their true artistic value must be judged?

China, and her Spiritual Claims. By the Rev. Evan Davis, late Missionary to the Chinese. pp. 134. Snow.

A USEFUL little work, well calculated to excite Christian compassion for a third of the human race.

Memoirs of Alexander Bethune, embracing Selections from his Correspondence, and Literary Remains. Compiled and edited by William M'Combie, author of 'Hours of Thought,' 'Moral Agency,' &c. pp. 390. Aberdeen: George and Robert King.

WE cannot better describe the subject of these Memoirs than in the words of the inscription placed upon his monument. 'With scarcely any school education, and under the pressure of poverty and the severest toil, he produced several works of much merit, illustrative of the character and manners, and conducive to the improvement, of his own class of society; and was as remarkable for his independence of spirit, and private virtues, as for his literary attainments.' The story of his life, and labours, affords a fresh illustration of what may be done in the cultivation of the mind, and the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, by diligence and energy.' Mr. M'Combie has discharged his task with great judgment.

Old England's Alarum. pp. 51. Hatchard.

TRUTH and sense in a garb of vigorous verse.

Common Sense and the Rights of Conscience Vindicated, against Apostolical Succession, and other Pretensions of Spiritual Despotism. In a Series of Papers from 'The Independent Whig,' and other sources. Edited by Andrew Scott, Member of the Merchant Company and Chamber of Commerce. Edinburgh : pp. 412. Strange.

THESE are fresh, racy, and vigorous papers on a great variety of topics connected with ecclesiastical pretensions. It is seldom that those pretensions meet with an opponent combining so much force with so much severity. But they are things that require hard hitting.

Woes of War: a Poem, in Two Cantos: from an unpublished MS. written in 1813. By a late Medical Officer, R.N. pp. 30.

ONE of the woes of war, not alluded to in this production, we take to be the immense quantity of poetry, so called, for which it has furnished the occasion.

Silent Love: a Poem. By the late James Wilson, Esq., native of Paisley. Illustrated with Engravings in Outline, by Joseph Noel Paton, Esq. Fourth Edition. pp. 58. Paisley: Murray and Stewart.

MR. WILSON was born in 1749, acquired an independence as an apothecary, travelled for several years, and died of a decline in 1807. 'He was long observed to look solitary, and had scarcely a companion, and it was thought that some disappointment in love was the cause, but, as he had no confidant, the matter was never revealed.' He left behind him a poem, which the editor, his nephew, first saw in 1832. This poem contains an account of his feelings of strong attachment towards a lady, to whom 'he never told his love,' and who died while he was away from Scotland. It is by no means a common production. The author was inspired by something more than love in writing it.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the last and of the present Century. By William Townsend, Esq., M.A. 2 vols. 8vo.

Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic; embracing the author's personal Adventures, with the Civil and Military History of the Country, etc. By Col. J. Anthony King.

Tracts on Liberty of Conscience and Persecution, 1641—1661. Edited for the Hansard Knollys' Society, with an Historical Introduction. By Edward Bean Underhill.

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster: Edited by J. E. Ryland. With Notices of Mr. Foster as a preacher and a companion. By John Sheppard. 2 vols. 8vo.

The History of Civilization, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. By F. Guizot. Translated by William Hazlitt, Esq. Vol. I.

A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. By Augustus William Schlegel. Translated by John Black, Esq. Revised according to the last German Edition, by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M.A.

Sermons by the late Rev. David Welsh, D.D. With a Memoir; by A. Dunlop, Esq.

The Works of Walter Savage Landor. In 2 vols.

The English Hexapla, consisting of the Six Important Vernacular English Translations of the New Testament and Scriptures. Part x.

The Modern Orator. Edmund Burke. Part 19.

History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Vol. II. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Translated by H. White.

Knight's Penny Magazine. Part v.

Political Dictionary. Part 13. First half.

The Pictorial Gallery of Arts. Part 17.

Life in California, during a Residence of several years in that Territory, comprising a description of the Country and the Missionary Establishments, with Incidents, Observations, etc. etc., illustrated with numerous Engravings, by an American; to which is annexed a Historical Account of the origin, customs, and traditions of the Indians of Alta California. Translated from the original Spanish Manuscript.

A Century of Scottish Church History; an historical sketch of the Church of Scotland, from the Secession to the Disruption; with an Account of the Free Church. By the Rev. James Dodds, of the Free Church, Belhaven.

John Knox, his Time, and his Work: a Discourse delivered in the Assembly Hall of the Free Church of Scotland, on 18th of May, 1846. By Robert S. Candlish, D.D.

Theological Essays: reprinted from the 'Princeton Review.'

The Earlier Prophecies of Isaiah. By Joseph Addison Alexander, Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton.

Christ's Second Coming; Will it be Pre-Millennial. By the Rev. David Brown, A. M.

Watson's Tutor's Assistant; or Complete School Arithmetic. Fourth edition.

The Israel of God: Select Practical Sermons. By S. H. Tyng, D.D.

An Exposition upon the Prophet Jonah. By George Abbott, D.D. Archbishop of Canterbury. A new edition, by Grace Webster. To which is added a Life of the Author. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Spirit admitted to the Heavenly House: the Body refused a Grave. Two Sermons preached on the occasion of the Death of the Rev. T. S. Guver. With Notes. By Thomas Binney.

The Debater. A new theory of the Art of Speaking; being a Series of Complete Debates, etc. By Frederic Rowton.

The History of Egypt, from the earliest times till the conquest by the Arabs, A.D. 640. By Samuel Sharpe. A new edition.

The Biblical Repository and Classical Review. Edited by John Holmes Agnew. Third Series. Vol. ii. No. 2. Whole No. 62. April, 1846.

Village Tales from the Black Forest. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated from the German, by Meta Taylor.

Lectures on Divine Sovereignty, Election, the Atonement, Justification, and Regeneration; to which are appended Strictures upon recent publica-

tions, by Dr. Marshall and Mr. Haldane, on the Atonement, and upon the Statement of Dr. Jenkyn on the Influences of the Holy Spirit. By George Payne, L.L.D. Third edition, enlarged.

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On the Health of Towns, as influenced by defective cleansing and drainage; and on the application of the refuse of Towns to Agricultural purposes. Being a Lecture delivered at the Russell Institution, 5th of May, 1846. By Wm. A. Guy, M.B., Cantab.

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